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## Notes of the Week

So Japan, as long foreseen by all but wilful doctrinaires, has been driven by the League of Nations to resign its place on that body. Optimists still affect to believe that her decision may be provisional merely, like resignations of various other nations since drawn back into the fold. This is ostrich philosophy. For the first time a front-rank Power leaves the League upon a definite and vital issue. It would have been easy for the League to prevent this by adopting a different policy eighteen months ago; it would not have been hard for Great Britain alone to set the course of prudence, had Sir John Simon risen to the opportunity offered him when the Council of the League met in Paris. Now, short of the League going to a Canossa of unheard proportions, Japan will not come back.

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That is a catastrophe for the influence of the League in the Far East. But when scaremongers (generally disappointed Sinophiles) tell us that war must result from what they call Japan's contumelious and militarist attitude, persons informed of the facts will smile. There will be no war with China, because China cannot fight. Could she have done so, she would have fought effectively for Jehol. But the only respectable Chinese troops are Chiang-kai-shek's 200,000, which he requires as buttress of his own power at home. He did not send them to Jehol; he will not send them even to Peking, if Japan should be pinpricked into a movement against the old capital.

Up  
Guards?

Japan may be forced to continue her armed defence of Manchukuo. But there will be no war.

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Nor will there be war between Soviet Russia and Japan. If the Soviets could fight for Manchuria, they would have done so earlier. They are absorbed by their second Five Year Plan; the rolling stock of the Trans-Siberian railway is in hopelessly deficient condition for military use; the dictators dare not send the bulk of their real troops (say, 800,000 all told) to the Far East, and they dare not risk a mobilisation. Equally incredible is any prospect of war between America and Japan. The United States is far too much occupied with her own social and financial problems to think of forcing the issue in the Pacific, especially with such highly hypothetical prospects of success.

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Therefore we may place high our hopes that the Far East will be disturbed by no great war in the immediate future. So much the more urgent then, and the easier too, for Great Britain to resume her former relations of cordiality and mutual support with the sole standard bearer of Western justice, order, and civilisation in the Orient.

U.K.

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For the ghastly catastrophe suffered by Imperial Airways and the thirteen English passengers killed there can be nothing but the profoundest sympathy. But it is strongly to be hoped that no hysterical wave of objection to air-travel will spring up as the result. Modern air-travel is safer, according to the proportion of acci-

Air  
Sense

dents to miles covered, perhaps than walking in London, probably than going by train, and certainly than motoring. What makes the fear of air-accidents terrible is that anyone involved in them is likely to be killed outright. Those therefore who have special reasons for taking every precaution to conserve their lives, had doubtless best abstain from flying. But the free man who, as Spinoza says, dwells not on the thought of death, will continue to use the air and to reflect that not even a sparrow falls but its fall forms part of the eternal scheme.

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In spite of forewarning, the Government have had a wholesome jolt in the course of the India debate. The poverty of Sir Samuel

**"Icy Silence"** Hoare's defence, with a reception which Lord Wolmer described accurately as "icy silence"; the

absolute success of Lord Wolmer's own speech, with its candour about Mr. Baldwin and its challenge to Mr. Chamberlain; the menacing reservations of Sir John Simon, at last aware of his own Commission's report and its implications; the attitude, not too clearly defined but plainly disapproving, of Sir Robert Horne and Major Cadogan; the independent common sense of that incalculable Colonel, Josiah Wedgewood, with his talk of a "policy of abdication" in the attempt to hand over 300 millions of Indians to upper class politicians; these things justified every word already written by ourselves and others and made hay of Mr. MacDonald's so-called ideals and of Mr. Baldwin's leadership. The reasoned motion to appoint a Committee, the first of its kind in our political history, saved the Government's skin. But the debate must have made its flesh creep.

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And this has not been the only political earthquake of the week. The deputation from the "depressed areas" of the North,

**Another Shock** led by the Mayor of Manchester, has frightened the Government into the promise of relief in some form

for the ratepayers of the great Northern cities, together with an extension of State responsibility which shall remove the hated stigma of pauperism from a large part of the population. Any remedies may be not very much better than the diseases to which they are applied. But this revolt against rates which intensified the unemployment that made the rates necessary had to be scotched; and there is real hardship in the state of the unemployed which follows transitional benefit. One may pity the Government and be thoroughly distrustful of all the remedies which have as yet been proposed. But the increase of all our troubles and burdens is due to the weakness of an Administration which shuffles as if it feared every division and vacillates as if it held office on sufferance.

A grand boycott of Jews in Germany is now officially "on." Although Anti-Semitism, the trumpet call to the "great blond beast" supposed to slumber in every German's heart, was boomed forth to the world by Hitler and his chief lieutenants for nigh on ten years, they had the temerity on taking power to assert that Jews were not in the least singled out for retribution, and if any Jews had got hurt it was because they were "Marxists." *The Saturday Review* has certainly no great love for Karl Marx or his followers, yet we are not so besotted as to credit suggestions that the Social Democrats, who have supplied less than 20 per cent. of Germany's cabinet ministers since the war, are directly and solely responsible (if at all, which we doubt) for that country's woes. Nor are all Jews Socialists.

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Not only Jews, but responsible observers, have told how Jewish shops have been forcibly shut, Jewish bank-accounts blocked, Jewish artists driven from the stage or concert platform, Jewish judges from their seats, Jewish doctors

**"The Hydra"**

from their hospitals, Jewish passers-by been maltreated in the streets, in fine, how Jews were chivied and harried throughout the length and breadth of Germany. The Nazi leaders shout "It's a lie! You are atrocity mongers!" But, because it has been said, now they swear they will make it true and swear that no Jew shall transact business or take his pleasure in the land under the shadow of the Swastika. Adolf Hercules has got the Hydra where he wants him.

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Englishmen dislike tyranny in any form. Perhaps they specially dislike the tyranny that vents itself in Jew-baiting. But, feeling apart, is to be observed in history that persecution of the Jews in the long run generally turns to the discomfiture of the persecutor. So Hitler yet may learn too.

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As for Lieutenant Baillie-Stewart, the Seaforth Highlanders, the British Army and the Court Martial, the least said may be the soonest mended. The regiment would resent a printed expression of sympathy, which may well seem

**A Horrid Business**

a mere impertinence, and which, in any case, goes without saying. The British Army is singularly immune from the necessity of bringing charges of this kind against any of its officers. The Court Martial proved—what is familiar enough—that this form of justice is beyond cavil or criticism as a means of fair trial. And the summing up of the Judge Advocate was a model of scrupulous lucidity. Beyond these obvious conclusions, the fact that the

affair is still before higher authority and that much of the case was heard, by necessity, behind closed doors reduces to silence the unwanted commentator.

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The Four Power Pact proposal, foisted on Mr. Ramsay MacDonald by the astute Duce, is looked askance at by the bulk of the Conservative party, and that notwithstanding the large body of members who sigh for peace and good will and have been ready to put their trust in the Socialist Prime Minister of the National Government to provide those desirable articles. It may definitely be said that there is no enthusiasm at all at Westminster for either the Four Power plan or for Mr. MacDonald's disarmament plan, and that the former is even viewed with high disfavour on the ground that it seems to adumbrate future complications for this country on the Continent of Europe. Indeed the only persons who hail our Socialist-National Prime Minister's scheme with delight are National-Socialist Germans.

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What really emerges from Mr. MacDonald's tortuous insinuation in the Commons is that by Signor Mussolini's plan Italy will take in the Holy neo-Concert of Europe the place held by Austria in the old Concert of Europe, first damned and then buried. His "Quadrilateral of Powers" or "Peace Club," as some have dubbed it, held out to us as the magic word whereat the rabbit of universal love will jump from Europe's battered post-war top-hat, must, if persisted in, lead direct to a catastrophe. This has within the last few days been driven home by the hammer of the Little Entente's declaration condemning it, and it is to say this with extra point that M. Titulesco has journeyed to Paris. It seems not to have been observed that the term "Quadrilateral" has an ominous ring in Italian history and that the word "club," even with "Peace" tacked on, is first cousin to "bludgeon."

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Other considerations apart—including, incidentally, the surrender of all for which we fought the War—there is one most cogent reason why Great Britain should not touch the MacDuce Four Power Convention. The object of this convention is Revision, that newest word of glad tidings (of which the full purport may be studied in Mr. Robert Machray's article below). But it is quite certain that, even were France to accept such a Convention, she could not agree to the main proposals that will be made by it. Therefore Great Britain would be forced to follow at the heels of Germany and Italy—themselves already bound together by a secret Convention since the

autumn of 1931—in whatever they proposed, or to form common cause with France in opposing them. In other words, we should be without a voice in matters most vital to ourselves, or, to get one, we must split up Europe into two hostile camps. Which is precisely what it should be, and ostensibly is, the policy of Great Britain to avoid.

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Not all people in England love the League of Nations. But, successive governments having

### Both

pledged our allegiance to it, we at least achieved the merit in the eyes of our fellow members of giving whole hearted support to the ideal of international co-operation expounded in the Covenant. What a change since last week end! A telephone message, alleged to come from Sir John Simon in person, proposed to adjourn the Disarmament Conference and study of the highly advertised British "peace plan" until the Roman Four Power Plan could be further discussed by the Powers concerned. The indignation of the smaller nations assembled at Geneva has been sedulously concealed from the British public. In fact, an open explosion was only avoided because the British delegation realised the impossibility of proposing such a motion, and nobody else would do it. But the dead silence which greeted Mr. Arthur Henderson's remark from the chair that the Conference had the choice of adjourning or of pursuing its labours was almost more damning, by its contempt, of British prestige than had the vehement protests prepared by a number of nations been read. Truly Mr. Ramsay Macdonald has succeeded in getting Great Britain the worst of both worlds.

The report of the Foreign Secretary's telephone message has been the object of semi-official démenti. We are reminded of Prince Gortshakoff's answer to an indignant colleague who cried "Ah, c'est qu'on sait joliment mentir à Berlin!"—"Disons plutôt, mon cher," said the Russian Chancellor, "que Berlin sait joliment démentir."

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One of the most hopeful developments for the British Fruit Industry is the fact that a considerable amount of research is being devoted to its needs and problems. Thus methods of keeping English apples for periods of over a year have now been worked out. The process consists essentially in putting the apples to sleep, the anæsthetic used being air containing a few per cent. of carbonic acid gas. Great care has to be taken not to give too strong a mixture, or the apples are killed and rot! But if the mixture is correctly adjusted the fruit keeps in perfect condition for a very long time. This year, thanks to this process, our fruit farmers have earned several hundreds of thousands of pounds.

### The New Evangel

### Anæsthetised Apples



Fruit can also be "improved." Many varieties of apples can be "sun-dewed." They are packed in trays lined with moss and placed in an exposed position, facing south. The fruit is then occasionally sprayed with water. After about a fortnight of this treatment (which costs about 1s. per cwt.) the colour and keeping quality of the fruit is vastly improved.

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Who has not laughed fit to die over Mark Twain's story of the murderer rendered immortal, or all but, through the Sheriff giving him too strong a dose of current in "the chair"? That was a grand wheeze. Now we learn that

### Fiction Much Stranger

it was not a wheeze at all, but a sober statement of fact. A youth has received a shock of 132,000 volts and survives although the soles of his boots had been burnt off. It was naturally assumed by the engineer summoned to get his body off the pylon which the boy had scaled that he was dead: a fallacy only corrected when he was seen to be climbing down. It remains to be seen whether he has been made impervious to other forms of death.

The beauty of the event—other than that of the blue flame which failed to kill—lies however in the lesson that fact is always anticipated by fiction. Were not Whistler's pictures followed by a notable increase in London fogs?

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An enterprising restaurateur in search of new sensations for his guests might find some helpful suggestions by studying the dietary of the Laos, a primitive tribe of Siam. These people are very fond of insects! Thus roasted jungle

### Strange Diets

spiders are a great delicacy. As a matter of fact, they are very nourishing, since they contain about three times as much protein as fish. Giant water-bugs, each about two inches in length, are sold in the markets at four pence each, and the larvæ and pupæ of dung beetles are also much sought after.

Siamese epicures recommend a special kind of fowl. The young chicks are placed in a hollow bamboo stem and richly fed. They then grow large, fat and snake-like. When roasted, it is said that they are very tender and delicious!

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The cost to Labour of the silly embargo on arms can be shown by the reaction on one British aeroplane manufacturing company. For two years prior to this MacDonald master-stroke of open diplomacy it employed 1,600 men making 30 aeroplanes a week for Japan and Eastern Powers. The termination of the contracts coincided with the Embargo, and all new orders were placed in America. Why? Because at any moment a British government—incidentally pledged to sanc-

### Arms and the Man

tity of contract more than any other!—might forbid due fulfilment in terms of British law. Two years ago the "S.R." gave an instance of the loss to South Wales of annual coal orders of 10,000,000 tons, or work for 40,000 miners alone for a year, as Dutch interests after 1926 could not rely on continuity of supply. It was no dispute over price nor quality: Mr. A. J. Cook was the *causa causans*. Now Mr. MacDonald duplicates the error, supported by a Cabinet half of whom have at one or another time decorated important business directorates. No longer can we plead guilty to being a nation of shopkeepers. No Lipton or Selfridge runs his business like this.

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Members of all parties are beginning to comment openly on the remarkable display of force in the Government Whips' office to baton Tory M.P.'s into line on India. And no less vivid is their language at the curious inevitability of the way certain favoured younger Tories of no reputed public stature invariably manage to address Parliament on Disarmament. They number perhaps ten in 470, but the example is infectious. A strong Chief Whip would so arrange his speakers as to give these M.P.'s their fair proportion. Present methods are the readiest way to break up the Party. In 1929 the Y.M.C.A. with one exception lost its seat! Its bribes of bigger doles and pensions, largely enacted, were in vain. Let these Socialist Unionists cross the floor or fulminate in the constituencies. At present we have a sort of Minority rule—which is not even Democracy.

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On Wednesday, Dr. Debye, Director of the Physical Institute of Leipzig, enjoyed the honour of delivering the Faraday Lecture—it is only given every four or five years—to the Fellows of the Chemical Society, taking as his subject "The Influence of Recent Physical Research on the study of the arrangement of Atoms in Space."

His discussion of the Architectonics of molecules was remarkable for its clarity, despite the obscurity of his subject, and the fluency of his English was beyond reproach.

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The World Economic Conference, so Government circles hope, is to be held at the beginning of June. (The object of this is for President Roosevelt to get something out of the pot that will enable him to lead his country to drink of the blessed waters of moratorium.) It is suggested in the same circles that members of the Conference should be accommodated at the Geological Museum in South Kensington. So soon?

### Fossils



And so it goes on. Trafalgar Square is now to be robot-minded, and twenty-two light-signal standards will replace the six constables and control the traffic. It is, we suppose, an achievement to be proud of—but where will it end?

### Journey's End

London's main thoroughfares are now regulated by robot brains in control boxes; many of the suburban towns have installed them; how long will it be before Sussex, Surrey, and even a little further, Devonshire lanes, are sprinkled with the now all too familiar green and yellow and red? But there will be difficulties ahead. Robot "brains" may be more or less infallible, but even they may sometimes be disregarded. What happens when a flock of sheep attempt to cross a small cross-roads and the red light is showing? Or a drunken farmer in a drunken gig? The robot signal cannot arrest. At least, not yet.

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Those who listened to Professor Julian Huxley's broadcast on "The Future Life" must have been struck by the likeness of his attitude to that of his grandfather. It was the same position of stoicism: not in vain was Professor T. H. Hux-

### The Future Life

ley called the last of the stoics. Indeed, one remembers a passage in one of the works of Darwin's great supporter, which was followed by his grandson in his paper, denouncing St. Paul's cry of "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die," if there is no resurrection from the dead. It is strange how even to-day scientists cling to the belief that there is no proof but scientific proof, and that there is for us some meaning in reality other than the certainty which is produced within us less by reason than by experience.

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The theatre in England goes up and down or, at least, to and fro. But it is probably unwise at any apparently stricken moment to lament the lack of public interest or the dearth of good plays. Just now, at all events, a great number of theatres seem to be fairly filled (if not for any protracted period of time) and the plays produced seem to be full of ideas (if the ideas have to be stretched a little, and if they are a little morbid and hysterical, like modern life itself). And as for the art of acting, our modern players (especially the women) reach a level of competence not dreamed of in earlier days. At the moment the theatre lacks, perhaps, its dominating figures. But the acting of to-day would, if it were only more audible, knock to pieces all the old illusions, about the value of stock companies and Shakespearean training. Whether these moderns could bring sentiment to life and whether, if they could, latter-day versions of such plays as *Caste*, *Sweet Lavender*, and *Liberty Hall* would have a howling success remains a speculation. No one tries.

### De Gustibus

"Time flies, the clock will strike. . . ." Long since it was said in these columns that the only choice in June must be between moratorium and default. Disappointment is thought to be caused in Whitehall at the new American

### Marlowe Revised

administration not making its intentions clear to our Ambassador. Doubtless the Government would like to have someone else make its mind up for it. This is the way of governments. But before many weeks a definite decision must be made. It is indeed so much a matter of notoriety that last November's payment will not be repeated that, according to good information from Washington, President Roosevelt's treasury has already written off all possible receipts from war debts ten weeks hence. The clock will strike but, whatever else may happen, Faustus will not be damned.

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### A Question of Courage

[Mr. Douglas Fairbanks, junior, and his wife, Miss Joan Crawford, have separated. Said she: "It was the only brave thing to do." Said he: "I shall 'phone her every day."—*Weekly Paper*.]

I am of course

Quite accustomed to the ordinary Hollywood divorce,

And even to partial separations

And occasional reconciliations,

Which all help to keep film stars in the public eye.

All the same I cannot help wondering why

After Miss Joan Crawford distinctly stated

That it was "the only brave thing to do" to be separated

From Mr. Fairbanks junior he should immediately say

That he intended to 'phone the poor girl every day!

It has I agree

Nothing whatever to do with me—

I know that and for all I care

This apparently devoted pair

Can do idiotic things like these

As much as they please.

What I *do* object to is that they should think it "brave"

To behave

In such a silly way and to call it a separation

When they are all the time to be in daily telephonic communication.

On re-reading the paragraph I am not quite sure yet

Whether young Fairbanks's statement is a promise or a threat,

And it is just possible after all

That Miss Crawford had not bargained for a daily call.

In that case I think (don't you?)

That the "only brave thing to do"

Would be for Joan

To ask the Post Office people to disconnect the 'phone

(Not of course that Douglas need unduly worry

For I understand that they don't carry out such instructions in a desperate hurry).

W. HODGSON BURNET.

# Revision—and a Sword

Redrawing the Frontiers of Europe. By Robert Machray

**W**HATEVER else was obscure in the Prime Minister's speech in the House respecting recent developments in Geneva and Rome, at least one thing stood out in sharp relief. He made it clear that the Revision question, meaning thereby further revision of the Peace Treaties and of the general territorial settlement effected by them, had reached a fresh stage in his mind, and now possessed not only an actuality but an overriding significance it had not held for him before. Taking into account Mr. MacDonald's great position, his expressed determination to "go on," and the resurgent factors of disturbance in the existing political situation on the Continent, this means in practice that Territorial Revision has become, as Press reports and comment from all quarters already show, the question in the high politics of Europe—and indeed of the world, as is indicated by a reminder from Japan that she intends to retain certain small but in her view exceedingly important islands in the Pacific which were in German occupation before the War.

## The Actual Treaties

In the order of the dates of their signature the Peace Treaties are those of (1) Versailles, (2) St. Germain, (3) Neuilly, and (4) Trianon, and they affect respectively Germany, Austria, Bulgaria and Hungary, enemy States vanquished—perhaps we ought to say, thought to be vanquished—in the War. To these treaties must now be added that of Lausanne, because the Turkish delegate to the Disarmament Conference demands revision of that treaty by putting an end to the demilitarisation of the Dardanelles. On the other hand, Article 19 of the Covenant, which is incorporated in the Peace Treaties as an integral part of them, states that the Assembly of the League of Nations "may from time to time advise the reconsideration by members of the League of treaties which have become inapplicable, and the consideration of international conditions whose continuance might endanger the peace of the world." In his speech Mr. MacDonald said that treaties containing provisions which in the efflux of time have raised problems that may result in most undesirable conflicts ought to be subject to revision. But what if revision should itself result in even more undesirable conflicts? This goes to the root of the matter.

Mr. MacDonald declared his desire to substitute agreed treaties for those which were imposed. Well and good! But how is agreement to be obtained? At this point it may not be amiss to recall how much has already been done in revising the Treaty of Versailles in favour of Germany. She was freed from military control, permitted to enter the League of Nations, and assigned a permanent seat on its Council, had her territories evacuated well ahead of the prescribed dates of release, got the amount of Reparation payments reduced more than once, and finally repudiated what was left of them,

and in December last was given "equality in armaments," though contingent on an organisation of peace ensuring security. None of these very considerable gains, which were procured in the main by German pressure skilfully applied in various ways, touched the peace territorial settlement. When in collusion with Austria, Germany attempted to obtain the *Anschluss*—the political union of the two States—under the guise of a Customs Union, she failed to do so, just because this did affect materially that settlement. Despite that defeat, Germany has by no means abandoned the *Anschluss*.

## Unscrupulous Propaganda

Thanks to clever, persistent and unscrupulous propaganda in England direct and at second-hand through America, the great bulk of the British public has been familiarised with the idea that Germany was treated with horrible harshness by the Paris Peace Conference, and that the peace settlement under the various Peace Treaties was unjust, cruel and vindictive. In particular, great efforts have been made to impress on our people the notion that the existence of the so-called "Polish Corridor" is intolerable, and that Hungary was dealt with in an extraordinarily severe manner by the Treaty of Trianon. No one will assert that the Peace Treaties are perfect in all respects, but it seems to be quite forgotten that they were arrived at only after long consideration and keen debate, every argument that could be adduced against them having been heard.

It would not be a bad thing in this connection to study afresh the history of the Paris Peace Conference in the cold light of all the facts of that time, as well as of all those other facts that have since been and, more especially, are now being added to the record. And as regards the alleged harshness and injustice of the Peace Treaties, comparison may profitably be made with the terms of the Treaties of Brest Litovsk and Bucarest which were imposed on Soviet Russia and Rumania by Germany, inspired by the same "Spirit of Potsdam" as rules her to-day.

## The Peace Lovers!

Just as in some quarters in this country the "harshness and injustice" of the Peace Treaties have been and are being preached as if they were gospel truth, so in these same quarters the revival of German Imperialism, now so evident, is being minimised. Thus, approval is given to Herr Hitler's speech in which he expressed the "German love of peace"—the speech which prefaced the opening of the Reichstag and its silencing for four years! The German Chancellor's remarks, it is safe to say, were not intended for home but for foreign consumption. If what he said before he reached power—for example, about the "Corridor"—can be overlooked, however difficult that

may be, it is impossible not to attach the highest importance to deliberate statements of policy now being made by his chief lieutenants.

In the Prussian Diet the other day Herr Kube, a Nazi leader, said: "By order of Herr Hitler, I declare that the Prussians are Pangermans, and will continue to be so; we shall have attained our goal only when all Germany, including German Austria, is united with the Fatherland in one great State, which will thus serve Germany's world mission." There we have it in three words—Germany's world mission.

### *Germany's World Mission*

Pangermanism again! What concretely does it mean respecting the Revision question? What does it demand for Germany? Here is the formidable list of the more important claims: Austria; Polish Pomerania (the "Corridor"), Poznań, Polish Upper Silesia, and the Free City of Danzig, at the expense of Poland; Memel, from Lithuania; the control of the Baltic; Teschen (the old Austrian duchy made famous once on a time by Mr. Lloyd George), from Poland and Czechoslovakia; and from the latter State its "Sudetic" regions inhabited by Germans; the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg; Alsace-Lorraine; and Eupen and Malmédy, from Belgium. There are also some smaller claims to territory in Hungary, Yugoslavia, and of course in Italy, the last being quite naturally but little relished by Signor Mussolini. Those among us who can still recall the ulterior implications of pre-War Pangermanism know that they connoted then, as they connote now, the complete fulfilment of "Germany's world mission." Others who have forgotten or are ignorant of the meaning of that resonant phrase would do well to read such an informative work as "The New Europe," by Masaryk, and to study with care authoritative books exhibiting the reaction of British policy to the German *Drang nach Osten*.

### *The Lost Lands*

Prominence is given in the foregoing paragraph to the German demands, because it is the rampant Reich of Hindenburg, Hitler and Hugenberg that is most clamorously insistent on territorial revision, and because German propaganda has made popular to a great extent the fallacy that such revision will be not only just but easy. It is enough to say that Poland will never relinquish by consent what are genuinely Polish territories; there should be no doubt on this point in England, and those who bring forward schemes which in effect would be the beginning of a new partition of Poland are doing an ill-service to the cause of peace, for assuredly war lies that way. But there is also the case of Hungary, who lost, under the Trianon Treaty, two-thirds of her pre-War territories. These included Slovakia and Carpathian Ruthenia, which became part of Czechoslovakia; Transylvania, added to Rumania; and Croatia-Slavonia, united with Serbia and forming part of what is now known as Yugoslavia. These three States, closely allied in the Little Entente, also received territories that had belonged to the Austrian Empire.

It is Hungary and not Austria, however, that has made and still makes incessant propaganda for the return of her lost lands. How on earth is she to get them back by "agreement"? To suit his own policy, Mussolini has recognised in a measure the Hungarian demands, but it is certain that the Little Entente will oppose them at all costs, and that France and Poland will support it.

To redraw the frontiers of Europe on pre-War lines by consent is in point of fact impracticable, and therefore the attempt to do so will fail. The simple truth of the matter appears to be that territorial revision, if persisted in, will not bring peace but a sword.

## The Die Softs

By Lady Houston, D.B.E.

TO give an explanation from which the truth has to be carefully eliminated must be difficult for amateurs—but such a past master in the art of subterfuge as our Prime Minister should have been able to have done this on his head.

Yet from all accounts he seems to have cut a very sorry figure in the House of Commons last Thursday, and to have become so incoherent that even his faithful £400 a year clacquers—the Die Softs—wilted and turned pale. And only a voice from Eden saved him from disaster—although it was the voice of the serpent, who no doubt had eaten many apples from the Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil.

The brilliant and only too true denunciations hurled at him by Mr. Churchill just missed their mark because of one sentence. If instead of saying

"I do not wish to blame one man" Mr. Churchill had said "The whole blame rests on one man, for one man only is to blame—the Prime Minister, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald—who, as the Head of the Government, is entirely responsible" even the guile of the serpent would not have saved him then.

But what is all this in comparison with the infamy of a British Government permitting four innocent Englishmen to be kept in a Russian prison on a trumped up charge of sabotage? Mr. MacDonald said—"By hook or by crook, diplomatic relations must be established with Russia"—and this is the result. But what can one expect when the British Government chooses to make commercial treaties and do serious business with a gang of murderers and thieves?



## “Manchoukuo” or “Manchuria”

By Sir Reginald F. Johnston, K.C.M.G., C.B.E.,

*Professor of Chinese in the University of London*

WHEN Manchuria in the spring of 1932 was separated from China and declared to be independent, there was a misunderstanding in England and many other Western countries regarding the name of the new State, and that misunderstanding unfortunately still persists. One prominent London newspaper, commenting on the fact that the new State was calling itself “Manchoukuo,” assumed that this was a case of a deliberate change from “Manchuria,” and regretted that this new member of the family of nations should have thought it necessary to replace the latter by a word which, at least to English ears, was much less agreeable.

Now the fact is that the founders of the new State had no idea of rejecting “Manchuria” in favour of a new name. The Manchurians of course never called their country “Manchuria,” because that is simply an anglicisation (just as “Mandchourie” is a gallicisation) of certain Chinese sounds. The Chinese term of which “Manchuria” and “Mandchourie” are European equivalents is “Man-chou” or “Region of the Man.” “Man” stands for what we call “Manchu,” and “chou” indicates a territorial division. But this term “Manchou,” though readily understood by all Chinese, was not in general use. I have never heard it used in ordinary speech. It was, however, common enough in literature, as for example in the writings of a prominent member of the present Nanking Government—Mr. Tai Chi-t’ao. For a long time past the spoken term almost invariably applied by the Chinese to the region in question has been *Tung-San-Shêng*, which means “The Three Eastern Provinces.” The status of the region having ceased—in the opinion of the creators of the new State—to be provincial, this term was obviously—from their point of view—inappropriate. Hence it was decided to adopt the well-understood though less familiar “Man-chou,” and to this was added *Kuo*, which is the ordinary Chinese word for an independent country or State.

Thus so far from rejecting “Manchuria” as a name for their country, as has been assumed by Western journalists, the Manchurians actually adopted that name, though they naturally gave it not the English pronunciation “Manchuria” but the Chinese pronunciation “Manchou.” The addition of “kuo” resulted in “Manchoukuo.”

If Frenchmen and Englishmen cease to use their familiar “Mandchourie” and “Manchuria” owing to some confused notion that these names have been superseded by “Manchoukuo,” and that we should all employ the latter term because a country ought to be designated by the name used by its own inhabitants, then we shall find it difficult to defend such anglicisations as “Russia,” “Bulgaria,” Roumania” and “Persia.” What

we should clearly understand is that when we use the term “Manchoukuo” we are speaking or making an attempt to speak the Chinese language, and to be consistent we should speak of China as “Chung Kuo.” Consistency should also require a Frenchman, *speaking French*, to say “England” instead of “Angleterre” and a native of China, *speaking Chinese*, to say “England” instead of “Ying Kuo.”

Among other objections to the adoption of “Manchoukuo” by Europeans is the fact that it is or must be almost invariably mispronounced by those who are ignorant of the Chinese language. Even the B.B.C.—notoriously painstaking in its efforts to attain correct standards of pronunciation—blunders badly in its attempts to give the proper sounds. Its announcers pronounce “Man” (the Chinese word for “Manchu”) as if it were the English word “man,” “chou” as if it had the vowel-sound of the English “true,” and “kuo” as if it rhymed with the English “grow”; and in addition to making these three mistakes in three syllables, it goes utterly wrong in the matter of “tones.” What “tones” are in the Chinese language I will not attempt to explain in this short paper.

It may be replied to all this that the Commissioners of the League of Nations, in their Report, deliberately adopted the form “Manchoukuo” (in inverted commas) to intimate that they were referring to a State which had no internationally-recognised status, whereas “Manchuria” referred to the same region regarded as part of the Chinese Republic. For the purposes of the Lytton Report there may have been something to be said for differentiating in this way between the still-unrecognised Manchurian State and the Manchuria which the Commissioners regarded as an integral part of China; but since the publication of the Report the term Manchoukuo has come to be commonly used by all writers on the subject of Manchuria, not only by those who reject the Manchurian claim to independence but also by those who support it; and as the inverted commas have ceased to be used by all writers alike, the term no longer serves the purpose that it served in the Lytton Report. In any case the region in question has to be referred to in speech as well as in writing, and inverted commas have no vocal equivalent.

All things considered, it seems obvious that the proper course for us to pursue when speaking or writing English is to adhere to our familiar and euphonious “Manchuria”; and the sooner we make up our minds to do so the better, for if “Manchoukuo” is used much longer, it will find its way into our atlases and become a stereotyped barbarism.

# The Case of Caradoc Evans

By Glyn Roberts

**C**ONSIDER Caradoc Evans, writer of writes in City London.

If I were to borrow the style of my subject, that is how I should begin this account.

The case of Caradoc Evans, as a literary phenomenon certainly unusual and perhaps unique, deserves our attention.

Here is a man who, though he has published but one novel and three small volumes of short stories, and had one play produced without much success, has achieved the status of a legend; a man whom, though he is read by few enough, millions know as one of the really colourful and positive figures of the day. He is rarely seen; but his portrait has been painted, caricaturists have sought him out, gossip writers retail first-rate anecdotes of him, and editors find room for any news of his movements.

Caradoc Evans was born about half a century ago in an obscure hamlet in the barren and consumption-ridden area of West Wales. Like most young men who grow up there, he had little to choose from but the milk and drapery trades. Caradoc Evans was a draper's assistant for thirteen years, landing eventually in London. He hated the life, and the life was not good to him. But he learnt a lot. He developed an enthusiasm for writing, read widely—so far as he was able—beggd the paper overlaps of boxes on which to write, and sweated blood to produce a sketch a week for three years. Of these sketches, two were taken; he received fifteen shillings for one and nothing for the other.

## *Not Their People*

Then came "My People" and with its publication a first-rate literary sensation. A number of reviewers hailed it roundly as the most extraordinary book they had ever read; a number of professors in Wales found it the work of an outcast; Wales generally was disgusted and much upset. Mr. Lloyd George said, "This man is a renegade"; a Rev. Penry Evans compared Evan's imagination to a "sexual pigsty", whatever that may be; and the ex-Chief Constable of Cardiff, whose opinion was sought, adjudged it the worst book he had ever read. The Mayor of Swansea, moreover, announced that "Caradoc Evans' people may be his people, but they are certainly not mine." The literary critics of London and New York, meanwhile, discovered in this traditionless upstart one of the fiercest and most authentic voices in contemporary literature.

Thomas Burke compared him with Gorki; Crossland said, briefly, "Great stuff"; H. G. Wells, Harold Nicolson, H. L. Mencken, James Joyce and Arthur Machen were excited and enthusiastic. The word "genius" was freely used, and Naomi Royde-Smith did not exaggerate critical opinion when she hailed the newcomer as "the greatest satirist of his own people since Swift."

Two more volumes of short stories followed. Caradoc Evans became the most-discussed—with one exception—and best-hated—with no exception—man in Wales. He entered Fleet Street, rapidly became a first-rate "personality" and edited a weekly newspaper with energy and distinction.

## *A Riotous Affair*

In 1925 his satirical play "Taffy" was produced in the West End. Riots were expected, and riots materialised, to the ill-concealed glee of the playwright. Dairymen, their feelings outraged and their emotions, patriotic and pugnacious, aroused by beer, were ejected nightly by the dozen. As with the short stories, the play aroused unanimous approval among the critics, and loathing among the London Welsh. A noted bard pronounced it a "loathsome play", the High Sheriff of Merioneth vouchsafed the comment that its creator had a face like a concertina, and a number of other prominent Welshmen offered piquant if strictly irrelevant comments on the physical appearance of the man who had dared to focus a spotlight on the shortcomings of his own people. There was a really splendid outburst from the professional patriots, who rarely had so promising an opening for the exercise of their synthetic emotions.

Since then Caradoc Evans has not turned out a great quantity of work. Two or three short stories, and a single full-length novel, are all that have emerged in nearly eight years. Yet the legend survives, and among the discriminate Evans' reputation is steadily climbing.

## *The Germ of Genius*

"Nothing to Pay," for compression, economy and white-hot fierceness, can rarely have been matched. To me it is one of the greatest novels I have ever read, even though all its characters are depraved and contemptible, and though its "hero" is one of the utterest monsters who ever bestrode the white pages of a novel.

The outcry from Wales and many of the London Welsh, if it had rather the sound of an oft-repeated chorus, was hardly less furious than those inspired by "My People" and "Nothing to Pay." Caradoc Evans' place in the hearts of his people was that of Synge in Ireland after the production of "The Playboy of the Western World," and George Douglas Brown's in Scotland when, sickening of Maclaren and Barrie, he published "The House with the Green Shutters." It is a civilised country indeed that recognises its own artists. It is good to know that "Wasps," Caradoc Evans' second novel, is to be published at last.

The product of no tradition, Caradoc Evans is an astounding phenomenon in the literature of Wales. After a series of fifth-rate novelists who exploited Welsh sentimentality, Welsh idiom,

Welsh emotionalism, Welsh scenery, until one's stomach turned, he is indeed a breath of fresh air. After Allen Raine, W. Edwards Tirebuck, Owen Rhoscomyl, Ellis Lloyd and the other Welsh "novelists," his advent is a miracle, proving, if it needed the proof, that the germ of genius settles where it will.

The degree of his influence on Welsh writers, and on the "Welsh literary world," euphemistically so-called, will not easily be measured. He has created an extraordinarily vital and eminently readable narrative style, owing something to the Bible, something to a literal translation of Welsh idioms, and much to the very individual workings of his own mind. He has established some sort of contact between the insular—to put it mildly—

world of Welsh letters and the literature of the world. He has stirred up a stagnant pool, shown up in Wales for what they are, a score of posturing mediocrities with antiquated ideas and clogged intellectual machinery, and compelled the Welsh to make some real effort to separate art from morality and to comprehend the true purpose of literature.

"Wasps" is an astonishing book. Lacking the simple form and direct narrative of "Nothing to Pay," it will puzzle many and startle not a few. As he gets older, Caradoc Evans becomes more and more a mystic. English and Welsh alike will anticipate eagerly his "Gangrene," in which he transfers his satirical attentions to the Gloucestershire peasantry.

## VERSE

### Remembrance

It seems, oh such a little time, my dear  
Since you were here.  
Yet we shall no more lie  
Together on the warm thyme-scented grass  
Watching contentedly the white clouds pass  
Across the sky.

Or running hand in hand, laughing and free,  
Barefoot across the sands to greet the sea,  
Stop suddenly—and let the stillness creep  
About our hearts—so calm and deep  
We needs must wonder whence such peace could  
be.

There were long evenings too, in wintertime,  
When we would draw the curtains close together  
And by the glowing fire,  
Heedless of wintry winds and bitter weather,  
There we would climb  
To the topmost peaks of each our heart's desire.

Now you have died, but there will always live  
Memories of all the joy you used to give;  
No trifle was there that you deemed too small  
For sympathy, and though you climbed above  
The little level paths we mostly tread,  
You found no heart so dead  
To life, to laughter, and to love  
No mind  
So poor and little, but you strove to find  
What most it needed, and to give your all.

And have you gone? To me it only seems  
That you have hurried on a little way  
On eager speeding feet.  
And if to-day  
I only have you with me in my dreams  
We soon shall meet.  
You with your shining eyes, and love of laughter  
Will run adown some path of loveliness,  
With welcoming to stay my loneliness  
And bid me follow after.

M. PARDOE.

### Apocalypse

Voyage the deep together; we shall reach  
Though we remember not the destined beach  
Where break the waves that are the pulse of  
Time,  
And in the darkness hearken to the chime  
Of laughter breaking from us, each to each.  
Undress for bed, and do not try to roam  
Through memories that lead away from home.  
Undress for bed and let us leave behind  
The lost things that we do not need to find.  
See how the white sheets make a wake of foam!

R. L. MEGROZ.

### Tree Purge

Driven and deeper driven in the glade,  
As one from blood-guilt (Lord have mercy!)  
Flying, seeking sanctuary,  
From Fear the Avenger flying to green shade . . .  
Your strength, O trees, your stature,  
Not by these,  
O not by these alone  
From the crimson shadow,  
From my tormented nature,  
Save me, O trees!  
I, inward have I known,  
Beneath rough bark,  
The pulse of the sap, the life-blood in the dark  
Pounding, pounding up  
From the blind-nurtured root:  
Felt those streams course  
Through giant trunk and bough with passionless  
force—  
No passion and no fever and no lust—  
To where miraculous the green leaves shoot  
Skyward, from dust.  
I, therefore, to that flood  
I fugitive cry,  
Let my tumultuous blood,  
Red rivulet in spate  
Pricking with lust and turbulent with hate,  
A tributary run:  
To lose itself and so again be found.  
In life not mine washed, overwhelmed and  
drowned,  
Crimson no more, and I no longer I,  
In that great channel sucked toward the sun.

G. ROSTREVOR HAMILTON.



# Music and Musicians

By Herbert Hughes

**P**AUL HINDEMITH'S *Das Unaufhörliche* has had on the whole a poor Press. The public has returned scanty thanks for the overwhelming benevolence of the B.B.C., and for the moment the composer's stock has dropped considerably in this country. The German text of Gottfried Benn had an adroit and singable translation by Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Scott and the oratorio—in English entitled "The Perpetual"—had admirable soloists in Adelheid Armhold, Parry Jones, Harold Williams and Arthur Cranmer. The work of the B.B.C. Chorus and the boy choristers from St. Margaret's, Westminster, and St. Mark's, North Audley Street, could hardly have been better, and it was obvious that Sir Henry Wood had rehearsed it all thoroughly. The official programme book contained a formal analysis of the work by Mr. Edmund Rubbra and a panegyric by Mr. Calvocoressi; apparently all the effects in the composer's elaborate score came off according to plan; we were duly amused, impressed, stunned, and made to sit up. We felt (or we think we did) everything the composer intended us to feel, and yet the work failed. Why?

In the answer to that question lies the condemnation of the bogus aesthetic which Herr Hindemith and his kind stand for. Music shall not charm; it shall lack the lure of sweetness; it shall no longer be poignant. If the new dogmatists were to stop there we should not say them nay: there would still be a few emotions and purposes left to play with. But music must not even be expressive; it must have no dramatic ambition. It must be self-contained and self-sufficient. An engaging doctrine to exploit—for a time; a doctrine that found favour with certain advanced spirits of the International with, in the end, ludicrous results. We have seen (as I lately remarked) Schönberg lead his pupils up a blind alley. Hindemith performs the same feat for himself and his admirers and they must now turn and find a way out.

## The New Decadence

From Babylon and Nineveh onwards the usual sequence in the rise and fall of nations has been industry (colonisation), wealth, luxury, decadence. And the peculiarity of decadence throughout the ages has been a concentration on technique and methods and all sorts of fal-lals rather than upon ideas. Post-war Europe, with its altered map, altered conditions, and over-mechanisation, has produced a crop of lively young men more notable for momentum than for any sense of direction. Technique is their fetish, while the object of the technique is not clear. Hindemith is but one of a crowd, a conspicuous member of a crowd aching to express themselves in sound, and now looking just a little ridiculous in trying to avoid expressiveness.

After having demonstrated his competence in the art of saying nothing particular in the abstrac-

tions of chamber and orchestral music, Hindemith seizes upon a pretentious, windy poem which sets out to describe, in pseudo-philosophical vein, the one-dam-thing-after-anotherness of life on this planet. Nothing actually happens in *Das Unaufhörliche* and the composer's failure has been two-fold: his music cannot express something static by reason of its own necessary movement, and cannot illustrate the text by reason of its concern with quite extraneous problems of technique and self-imposed formalities. It was his monkeying in counterpoint and his sonorities that intrigued us. The banality of the central idea was at once apparent as was the adoption of the oratorio form, a suspicion lurking in the back of our minds that he had adopted that form with his tongue in his cheek—with all respect to the "Monthly Musical Record" and Mr. Rubbra.

## Innovators and Iconoclasts

Hindemith and this monstrous oratorio apart, there is no doubt that certain types of young people to-day of both sexes, born to the sound of hooting cars and pitiless microphones, living only for speed and whatever forms of synthetic excitements are available, do definitely set their ears against what is recognised as charm in music. Sweetness cloy, even the sweetness of, say, Couperin and the Scarlattis. The sentimentality of the *Siegfried Idyll* is an assault upon their sensory nerves, an assault against which those of us who belong to the nineteenth century are more or less proof. Chopin and Schumann and the whole heirarchy of the Romantics are anathema, only Berlioz at his most terrific satisfying their nervous wants. These are the children of an age that has produced as yet but a race of innovators and iconoclasts: innovators like Schönberg and Hindemith who must retrace their steps or continue gyrating until their audiences fall asleep, iconoclasts like Stravinsky who has to change his caperings periodically or flirt with a flatulent neo-classicism that exposes the extreme poverty of his own imagination and lack of real initiative.

There is much to be said for, and little against, those of the rising generation who detest charm, even if they hardly know what they do want. But the dividing line between the crooning idiocies of the jazz band (dope for nervous and un-nervous alike) and the highly organised noises of more pretentious schools is not always easy to draw.

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## SHORT STORY

## The Châlet

The Story of a Strange Revenge—By Elizabeth Anne Cross

THE track leading off the mountain path to the Châlet was the roughest and steepest Barrie had climbed during the whole of his Alpine holiday; but he did not mind, he was hungry, and the sign above the little door promised rest and refreshment.

He was just about to knock when he was startled by the sound of smashing crockery within. A woman's cry of protest followed, to be drowned in a storm of abuse from a man. The latter spoke in German and Barrie knew enough of the language to interpret the words:—"Muddle-headed pig, eat it yourself!" Instinctively he stepped into the room, but before he could do anything the woman who was nearest him swung round and put her finger on her lips in a gesture commanding silence. Barrie obeyed and watched wonderingly as she went up to the man and placing her hand upon his arm said in a penitent voice:—"I'm sorry, I forgot you liked the pie cold."

The great bull-necked creature shook her off with an oath and as she stumbled against a chair, suddenly broke out into loud laughter, mad, mirthless laughter, gruesome and dissonant, which was checked as suddenly as it started, when his eye fell upon the mess on the floor. His face purpled. Another burst of vituperation followed, then, with a final "Wait," he hurled himself from the room, slamming the door behind him.

The woman turned to Barrie: the colour came back to her face and her lips smiled at him in a belated welcome, but her eyes betrayed the emotion she had undergone, and there was mingled with the expression of suffering, a patient resignation, a mute compliance, and a queer sort of self-tormenting, which latter seemed strangely to dominate her whole being.

"You want something to eat?" she said in English. "Sit here and I will get something." She placed a chair, swept up the broken crockery, and prepared him a simple but appetising meal. She tried to be casual but she could not hide her trembling or the cut on her arm made by the broken pie-dish.

Not until the meal was put before him and the woman had seated herself by the fire, did Barrie make any allusion to the fracas. Then:—

"Does he often get like that?"

The woman seemed willing to talk.

"Shall I tell you his story?"

Barrie nodded.

"He is Oswald Berger," she began, "a German Swiss. He used to live out beyond the Ziegwald Pass, in the very shadow of the Jungfrau. He was not a likeable man, he had few friends, and he drank. One day he was taken ill—delirium tremens I think they call it, and he ordered Paul, the little boy who did odd jobs for him, to go and fetch a doctor. Paul hesitated,

reminding him that the village where the doctor was to be found was at that time fever-stricken. But Berger threatened him with his life, and Paul went. The doctor soon restored Berger back to health, but the little boy died: he had caught the infection and he was not strong. Nothing could equal the grief of the little boy's mother, Brigitte Paton, for Paul was all she had in the world to live for, and when she learned that it was through Oswald Berger that he had died, she swore a dreadful revenge.

"And one night, only a little while after, her chance came.

"A storm was raging over the mountains. The wind howled like a pack of wild and hungry wolves; the rain came down in sheets and the thunder and lightning was such as had never been known before.

"Suddenly she heard a banging on the door. She opened it and Oswald Berger walked in.

"'I don't suppose you'll want to,' he said, 'but you've got to let me stay here the night. I can't get home, the Pass is flooded.' Without another word he strode over to the fire, and began to divest himself of his outer garments, and it was whilst he was doing this that Brigitte Paton had the idea for her revenge.

"When bedtime came she fetched him a blanket and told him he could sleep on the floor in the living-room. He wrapped himself up comfortably and lying down fell into a deep sleep. Before long, however, he awoke with a feeling of suffocation. He made an attempt to sit up, but found he was bound round tightly with ropes, with the blanket pulled up right over his mouth and nose. He looked round and beheld Brigitte Paton, a candle in her hand, bending over him with an expression on her face of maniacal delight.

"He struggled and tried to free himself.

"'What are you going to do, Hooligan? Loosen these ropes, I'm stifling.'

"Brigitte Paton grinned in triumph.

"'What am I going to do?' she said. 'I'm going to keep you there till morning. That blanket is the one my little Paul lay upon when he was ill with the fever. It is the one he died upon!'

"The man gasped.

"'Fever! You she-devil! You she-devil!'

"He groaned and rolled about in a frenzy. With every breath he took, he would be absorbing the malignant germs. Death threatened. He stared him in the face, and he was afraid, terribly afraid to die. All night long he raved, and by morning he was unconscious. Then, when he did come round, he was completely mad!"

Barrie had finished his meal. He took out a cigarette and lit it.

"I dare say she could have been heavily fined for keeping that blanket."

(Continuation of *Short Story*)

His companion smiled.

"There was nothing wrong with it. It was as clean as this table-cloth. She had, in fact, taken it off her own bed."

Barrie's eye-brows went up.

"She was a clever creature. What became of her?"

The woman by the fire was looking out of the window at the approaching figure of mad Oswald Berger.

"I am Brigette Paton," she said, and sighed.

## In Defence of Tramps

By Ashton Deene

**I** LIKE to meet a tramp; not one of those poor unfortunate derelicts that drifts by the shortest route, from city to city, ejected from one Casual Ward to be received into another; but a tramp who follows the quiet lanes and byways, as well as the main roads, and at the day's end seeks the nearest stack or out-building until the morrow calls him out on the road again. You can always recognise him; the elongated sack that stretches across his back, from shoulder to hip, might have grown there so closely does it hug his body; and from the lower end, where the knotted strings secure it, an old fire-scorched tin dangles, without hampering his movements. He walks as no other man walks; his pace is even, neither hurried nor leisurely, in his step there is no indecision; to him one destination is as good as another, and he plods along until twilight fails, when he slips off the road, and is gone, suddenly as a rabbit to its burrow.

### Every Barn and Byre

He was a delightful old fellow, that tramp I met on the road between Ledbury and Ross-on-Wye; a shortage of matches was his difficulty. And as I handed over my match-box, I sat beside him, at the edge of the dusty road, and we fell to talking of many things. Had it been required of him, he could have mapped out every barn and byre within a radius of ten miles; less sparing of speech than many of his kind, his rough words showed him to be a poet at heart, a deep lover of green woods and fields and open spaces; but the winters were beginning to try him, and he spoke as one in doubt, with anxiety for the days to come. His pleasant wrinkled face, beaten and moulded by a hard life and exposure to the weather, will lose its brightness when he enters the Workhouse, to which age must surely bring him before long; a wild roving creature, he will wilt, like a plucked flower, at the loss of his freedom. And as I left him still resting by the wayside, I wondered where he would spend the night, for there were still many hours of daylight before he need seek shelter.

### Beside the Swale

Then, there was the fine figure of a tramp I met beside the Swale. You may know the pack-horse bridge, that delicate bow of stone spanning the river near Ivelet? At the foot of the bridge, on the east side, there is an old Coffin Stone, now almost overgrown, and across the little used road, a gap or narrow gate in the wall, giving access to the river bank; it was there I came upon him. The sun was dropping towards Shunner Fell, when I looked over the low parapet to the brown pools

where trout were rising, and the sound of a voice begging matches startled me, for I thought myself to be alone. This scarcity of matches among the brotherhood of tramps is a common though perhaps readily understood need, and I, for one, would not wish it to be otherwise; to hand over half a dozen matches in exchange for a conversation confers a benefit upon the donor, out of all proportion to his scanty alms-giving. And as I went forward to offer my match-box, I knew him, at once, for the perfect tramp.

The easy movement of the limbs, the trappings, and threadbare coat, were proof positive of his calling; the bronzed, well-filled cheeks spoke of health, and a sufficiency of food, but his eyes—it seemed ridiculous that a man, and a tramp, should have eyes like those.

### The Monkish Habit

Once or twice I have passed a flaxen-haired girl with eyes as blue as early forget-me-nots and remembered her for days; and this tramp of the bronzed cheeks and curling rusty beard, had eyes of that same forget-me-not blue. He may have been no better than other tramps, just an idle vagabond of a fellow, who wandered about the countryside, living on charity. But he had the scholarly air and calm bearing of one who has spent many hours in meditation within some peaceful cloister; and I thought of those old monks who dwelt, long years ago, by Tees and Swale, by Ure and Wharfe, of those ruined Abbeys whose bells, long silenced, no more would call the anchorite from his cell when dawn still trembled in the east. His loose and shabby coat well might hide the habit of a monk, and I could imagine a jovial smile upon his face as he fished the quiet pool where trout were rising.

Yet, we spoke only of the season and the lonely road winding by the river, of the silent hills and the kindly dalesfolk. Dropping my match-box into the capacious pocket of his coat, he drew out a soiled and tattered handkerchief, from which he took a crust of bread; and getting up, I went on my way, for it seemed an uncivil act to remain, and look on, while a gentleman of the road broke his bread.

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## Cosas de España

From a Spanish Correspondent

**I**N the debate, which has nearly brought about the fall of the government and which is rousing the Cortes to furious and acrimonious discussion as to the responsibility for the savage methods of repression used by the new republican police (*Guardias de asalto*) at Casas Viejas in Andalucía during the revolts of last January, Señor Eduardo Ortega y Gasset, one of Spain's foremost orators, accused the government of having issued the following instructions to the police:—"Go in there with blood and bullets. See that everything is finished in a quarter of an hour. If anyone waves a white handkerchief let him be the first to fall. This has got to be remembered as long as we live."

The Home Office (*Gobernación*) and the chief of police deny flatly that any such orders were given, and have arrested five of the police-officers implicated in the Casas Viejas affair. As to what took place there is no dispute, but the question is who was responsible? It seems probable that the government gave orders to the police to take stern measures and teach a lesson, and that the police lost control and shot indiscriminately.

The government are reaping what they have sown, and it is illuminating to see here as else-

where how the representatives of the proletariat, after screaming against dictatorships, behave when they obtain power. Never has Spain experienced such a despotic dictatorship as that of Señor Azaña, who now combines in his one person the powers of Prime Minister, Minister of War, Minister of Finance and Minister of the Interior, for the technical holder of this last office is an invalid. Some people are asking if he is to be the Stalin of Spain.

The life of the Spanish government hangs now as always on the alliance between the Socialists and the Catalan left party, which gives them a majority in the Cortes. As all the deputies receive Pesetas 1,000 a month, an amount which most of them have never earned before and are not likely to earn again, it is hardly likely that they will commit *hari-kari*, unless obliged to do so.

"Religious tolerance" is being further demonstrated in Spain by the destruction of a monument with a figure of Christ on its summit, which stands in a square in Bilbao; the municipality ordered its demolition.

The Christians of Spain continue to petition the Cortes to modify their policy out-lined in the religious law which is under discussion in the Cortes, but the petitions fall on deaf ears.

## NEW NOVELS

*The Progress of Julius.* By Daphne du Maurier. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.

Reviewed by ANNE ARMSTRONG

**T**HERE will be many who will deplore the fact that Julius progressed at all, but that Daphne du Maurier has advanced in technique and feeling no-one will, I think, deny.

There is a driving force about her that makes one read to the very end long after Julius has appeared in his true colours and her story is so strong that one almost imagines that it is not a figment of her imagination but a real person with a real life. Never once does she hesitate, frightened, on the brink. Never once does she try and lessen the enormity of Julius' character and his acts. One feels that such was Julius' story and such was the only way that it could have been written. Inexorably Julius progresses, from success to success, from obscurity to immense riches and fame, storing up happiness for his later years. Julius' character will not appeal to you but you will not toss it aside as "not counting."

Julius Levy, half Jew, half French peasant, was born at Puteaux, a small village on the bank of the Seine. His parents were miserably poor and, in the Siege of Paris, the small Julius caught rats and sold them for a few sous. From that moment he found endless opportunities for making money, preparing for the time when he should be the richest man in all England.

There are incidents that will disgust the reader—such as the ten year old child finding his mother betraying his father and the cold calculating boy watching père strangling mère. And many years later the cold brutality of Julius and his daughter Gabriel when they hear that Rachel—wife and mother—is dying of cancer. And again at the very end the father, loving Gabriel more than anything else on earth, murdering her. But when the first feeling, that certainly almost amounts to horror, finds its own level, you cannot help realising the latent strength and power.

*The World His Pillow.* By James Barke. Collins. 7s. 6d.

*Helena.* By Sylvia Thompson. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.

*Manassas.* By Upton Sinclair. Laurie. 7s. 6d.

*The Poison Trail.* By Anthony Armstrong. Methuen. 3s. 6d.

*Angel-Face.* By Archibald Marshall. Benn. 7s. 6d.

**A** PORTENTOUS young man from the Highlands has come over the Border, with a tale of experience recollected not in tranquillity, but protest. In "The World His Pillow" Mr. James Barke treats the world to a large helping of life and truth; he has written a fine novel, a sombre diary of deeply-felt events. Here is post-war youth under duress; and if the thousands whose hopeless luck it typifies could subscribe, the book would be ten times a best seller. But this legion cannot afford new novels.

First books tend to be autobiographies, it is said, and here is a moving personal transcript. A history which begins with boyhood in a clean northern glen, progresses in Glasgow—that aggregation of “denationalised provincial nobodies” where the grime settles inside a man’s collar and his soul—and at last, when Duncan, the lonely figure of the story, has suffered and raged and been hungry and endured, returns to his unperturbed native hills. Would there were such a haven for all his kind.

One cannot summarise a long gallery of pictures. Childhood, adolescence and early manhood, with their profuse surprises, gleams, dark moods and multitudinous adventures, develop through this book, which grows up naturally.

There are some defects. The narrative relies too continuously on the short sentence, and here and there an incident is over-written. Towards the end, the chronicle has a bitter flavour—too much disillusion, too little humour. These criticisms aside, “The World His Pillow” is a novel far ahead of the common run.

After these living Northerners, Miss Thompson’s people seem of another planet. Helena, transferred from cloistered innocence into the company of London’s brightest and best young people, ought to have reactions turning her red as litmus paper; but she doesn’t, and promptly establishes herself by spending all-night sessions with her M.P. brother-in-law. This deft novel is mainly about women emerging from other people’s bathrooms and men who wear (or ought to wear) “correspondent shoes.” It is lavish with bedroom scenes, like the plays of ten years ago.

Upton Sinclair’s “Manassas,” probably the best tale made out of the American Civil War, was written thirty years ago, but a theme so heroic does not “date.” The historical background is well done, and besides the conflict of arms there is a conflict of spirit: the hero fights against his own people. The book is published in England for the first time.

Anthony Armstrong and Archibald Marshall, both stalwarts of “Punch,” have written, respectively, another yarn about Jimmy Rezaire and a collection of readable, whimsical short stories. “The Poison Trail” puts the murderer on exhibition from the start, but as in “Hamlet,” the drama is in bringing the crime home. A.B.

*Power.* By S. Fowler Wright. Jarrolds. 7s. 6d.  
*This is My Man.* By W. B. Maxwell. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.

*The Romantic Exiles.* By Edward Hallett Carr. Gollancz. 8s. 6d.

**W**HAT should a Prime Minister do when faced by the possessor of a devastating ray which will destroy anything within a radius of twenty-six miles? A guide-book for the conduct of Prime Ministers under trying circumstances has become increasingly necessary, it has seemed to me, over the last ten years, and a chapter by eminent authorities on the point postulated by Mr. Fowler Wright could not fail to be diverting.

Mr. Fowler Wright has been ingenious in his choice of the possessor of the Ray. This is no mad inventor. He is conveniently murdered. It

is a young Under-Secretary out for imperial power by the “divine right” of his acquisition. All he asks for is that for the space of one year he shall have the fullest powers to make the laws of this country. What should a Prime Minister do?

In “Power” the holder of that great office regards himself as a “physician” to the nation rather than a ruler, and from his acceptance of the young Under-Secretary’s demands arises the complications of Mr. Fowler Wright’s novel. I take the liberty of profoundly disagreeing with his handling of the situation. But that challenger is but part of the far-spread charm of his theme. Everyone would have a different solution of this problem based probably, as I base mine and probably Mr. Wright his, on our reading of the mind of the modern politician.

Mr. Fowler Wright, as ever, writes with a clear-eyed craftsman’s appreciation of his job. He writes with humour, a mordant sense of satire and his story moves always brim-full of interest.

Mr. W. B. Maxwell’s “This is My Man” opens superbly. He has painted, delicately and with a master hand, a full length portrait of a young English girl falling in love and marrying the man of her choice. Then comes that period of what Sir Arthur Pinero called “Mid Channel,” when the man is absorbed in his business and his career, and the wife has few or no resources through which to find real expression.

Then comes that period that any man of experience has watched repeatedly in many modern women with money and some degree of intellect; the endless procession of lovers, more or less chance. Can any man decide the reason for this phenomenon? Is it just appetite? Or a form of self-expression? Or a female rendering of Dean Swift’s immortal phrase “I must always have a Dulcinea in my head, it harmonises the soul”?

Only in suggesting the secret of this riddle does Mr. Maxwell fail. His very distinction and his thought make his lack of compelling reason the more tantalising. Perhaps such a task is beyond the comprehension of any man, and perhaps no woman will ever really understand—or give it away.

In “The Romantic Exiles” Mr. Edward Hallett Carr writes of another amoristic problem of an earlier generation. He tells of the strange relationship of Alexander Herzen, the self-imposed Russian exile, and his wife with Herwegh, the German poet and his wife.

Mr. Carr has founded his story on the known historical facts, added to his own interpretation of them from his talks with Mademoiselle Natalie Herzen and Marcel Herwegh. Without doubt, he has made a most vivid picture of that strange figure, Alexander Herzen, more living than the one which came through in his American biography.

There is great charm in the way Mr. Carr has recreated the atmosphere of those strange Russian exiles, “run to intellect,” who caused so profound an influence on Europe’s literary evolution in the middle of last century. Great figures are conjured up with real skill by Mr. Carr’s able pen. He confesses that he hopes to write a study of that fantastic creature, the anarchist Bakunin, and I, for one, shall look eagerly for that work W.F.

### The Founder of Theosophy

*The Collected Works of H. P. Blavatsky.* Vol. I, 1874-79. Edited by A. Trevor Barker. Rider. 15s.

(REVIEWED BY ISRAEL REGARDIE)

**I**N this volume, presenting Madame Blavatsky's earliest journalistic efforts for the Theosophical cause on whose behalf she laboured so valiantly, the passage of Time and the miracles that such a passage accomplishes confront us very forcibly. The ideas of sixty years ago around which were waged so many controversies have become established conventions of thought, and concepts which once aroused a violent deluge of abuse and recrimination from the staid Victorians are now permitted to exist without causing one iota either of astonishment or ridicule.

The dogmas assailed by Blavatsky in her day have almost faded from memory, so well did she fight, so unyielding was her assault on accepted opinion, and so indomitable her defence of man's spiritual birthright. As was shown by the abuse of enemies who had no clear vision of what principles she stood for, her mission was a difficult one. But what she did, she did well.

### Squabbles of the Past

Casting our gaze just a little way back into the 19th century, we see, on the one hand, the fortress of a gross and militant materialism; on the other, the sterility of an outworn creed, and between them and their squabbles no competitor was allowed a foothold. Then, towards the middle of the century, to shatter a little this respectability, entered Spiritualism with its inexplicable levitations, apparitions, deliberate frauds, messages and mediums, etc. In its over-attachment to phenomena, however, and in resorting for explanation to so-called "spirits of the departed," the cult lost its supreme opportunity. Science simply barked "Fraud!" Ecclesiasticism harped its eternal theme: "the devil." Blavatsky, in providing a coherent psycho-philosophical rationale to these and other phenomena, was bitterly attacked by all three. Small wonder that few now realise how courageous was her solitary battle, and how great the part she played in helping to smash the moulds of convention and to lift up the consciousness of the race to a higher level of integration.

This volume is the first of eight, well-printed and solidly bound. Mr. Barker's edition of her collected works is very welcome, and he is to be congratulated. Everyone may now see from these letters and articles the depth of her sincerity; how could it ever have been doubted? This book shows the intensity of the manner in which she fought for truth, as well as brilliance of penetrating criticism, bright wit and repartee, interesting tales and travel anecdotes. It speaks well of the moderns that there has grown up a demand for her complete works, the spirit of which, in one way or another, has travelled all over the globe, and penetrated, by divers channels, into every stratum and type of modern thought and endeavour.

### A Cosmological Synthesis

*Adventures of Ideas.* By A. N. Whitehead. Cambridge University Press. 12s. 6d. net.

**I**N spite of the fact that the material universe is no longer regarded as consisting of solid pieces and lumps of matter distributed over a void called Space—Space is now an expanding substance in which the objects of our once solid world are mere "waves of probability undulating into nothingness"—the fundamental laws of attraction, behaviour and order remain the same. These have persisted throughout the ages, in spite of Aristotle, Augustine, Aquinas and Newton. Were it otherwise the memory of Plato's Academy would be but a memory; and it sometimes does us good to remember that the changing universe changes fundamentally no more than do the behaviour and mistakes of those who people it. Thus can Dr. Whitehead say:

"Cicero's financial worries are preserved for us in his letters to Atticus. They are very analogous to Gibbon's letters to Holroyd, which are characteristic of Europe in the eighteenth century. Certainly Cicero's affairs were sufficiently complex. It is not in that respect that the ancient world fell short. It would be worth sacrificing a good deal of Latin literature to know what Atticus thought of Cicero's financial position. Even after two thousand years it is difficult not to entertain a friendly anxiety on the subject."

And, he might have added, not difficult to parallel Cicero's particular plight. For these are matters which are outside Time and make brothers of us all. Perhaps the only advantage in this is the fact that the great teachers of the past—whether in philosophy or ethics—have a message for the present; and Dr. Whitehead shows that this is true of all metaphysics. He gathers up the teaching of Aristotle, Descartes, Kant, Hume, Plato and Bergson, the Athenian Academy and the Society of Jesus into his synthesis. Some while is, of necessity, spent in dividing the wheat from the chaff; but, in the end, we are left with a working Utopia from which nothing is expunged which has the right to some corner.

Perhaps the most important contribution to thought which the book makes is the history of ideas which it embodies. For Dr. Whitehead discloses history as a process which has been shaped by ideas—a process in which the spirit of adventure has been the moving force. This gives more food for thought than would appear at first sight. By grouping the various civilisations together for treatment rather than by taking each of the great European nations separately, as would have been possible in a purely historical work, he has restricted himself in space; but the reader with a fair knowledge of European history has only to press his analogy into the service of individual nations to realise the truth of his main contention.

It is in a world order of Peace in which he establishes his Utopia—for, says Dr. Whitehead, "I choose that term 'Peace' for that Harmony of



Harmonies which calms destructive turbulence and completes civilisation"; and he is at some pains to show that, apart from the ideal of Peace, the four qualities which form the foundation of his Utopia—Truth, Beauty, Adventure and Art—may be pursued with ruthlessness and cruelty. The best part of the book is given to the founding of this kingdom of the future; and his discussion of Truth as essential to the harmony of the pattern of life and falsehood as a consequent dislocation, is masterly. He finally embodies Truth in the home of Peace by saying:

"The truth or falsehood of propositions is not directly to the point in this demand for Truth. Since each proposition is yoked to a contradictory proposition, and since of these one must be true and the other false, there are necessarily as many false as there are true propositions. This bare 'truth or falsehood' of propositions is a comparatively superficial factor affecting the discursive interests of the intellect. The essential truth that Peace demands is the conformation of appearance to Reality."

And thus he presents us with a scheme which is at once ethical and aesthetic—in which we can see, if only for a moment, that "Truth's Beauty—Beauty Truth." As the Christian philosophy of the thirteenth century, becoming self-conscious for the first time since it left the womb of the Dark Ages, assimilated Aristotelianism and faced the changing world anew, so Dr. Whitehead, whose universe has endured the travail of an even greater upheaval in thought—Newton, Darwin, Einstein—and has brought forth a new age, gathers up all that seems to him permanent in past ages.

ASHLEY SAMPSON.

£500 Reward. By Derek Vane. Eldon Press. 7s. 6d. net.

FEW will deny that the modern "jacket" or paper cover of a book is an improvement over its dreary predecessor of a generation ago. Yet publishers should take care not to let a vivid, highly-coloured exterior deceive readers as to the contents of the work in their hand. Here is a case in point. The lurid words, "£500 Reward," in staring white on black streaks across a violet and mauve background, and above it a super-Hitlerian face with flaming eyeballs: what can this be, think you, but a crook tale, replete with thrills, crackling with automatics? In fact, Mr. Derek Vane's story ambles round the relations of a released gentleman convict and his wife, whom he comes to suspect of having sold him to the police; then, his error once exposed, his nobility of character that the trial of penal servitude has brought out wins her heart anew. There is one murder, that of a not very comprehensible financier by a totally incomprehensible Russian, but the thrill is anodyne. Mr. Vane, perhaps, falls between the stools of two desires: that of scarifying the reader, and that of studying psychological reactions. The latter would be better alone.

### More Limehouse Nights

*Under London.* By Val Gielgud and Holt Marvell. Rich & Cowan. 7s. 6d.

(Reviewed by W.H.B.)

"Under London" is a story which (although the plot is hoary) Grips the reader, and you will not put it down Till you actually shiver in the unexpected river With the grating to the Thames in Chinatown.

You'll be taken willy-nilly from the lights of Piccadilly  
Down to Limehouse, there is not a moment's peace,  
There's a fog and people running, there is devilry and cunning,  
And a very shrewd Inspector of Police.

There's a "Boss" who's good at bossing, there's a lot of double-crossing,  
There's a lighter and some shooting in the dark,  
There's a very brave and pretty little barmaid whom you'll pity  
In the company of Chang and Captain Starke.

There are Chinamen and ladies and a tunnel dark as Hades,  
There's one lady going rapidly insane  
Whom the "Boss" would like to marry though unwittingly through "Harry"  
He's the instrument of giving her cocaine.

But hold hard! Avast there! Steady! I have said too much already,  
Let Val Gielgud and Holt Marvell tell the tale.  
I apologise profoundly, they will both abuse me roundly  
If by giving them away I've spoilt their sale!

*Babel Visited.* By J. G. Lockhart. Centenary Press. 3s. 6d.

MR. LOCKHART went to Russia as a "churchman." All his prejudices and handicaps he sets down at the beginning of his book, and in consequence he gives us a study of Communism which no sane man can afford to ignore. Here is on the one hand an appreciation of the gigantic Soviet effort, on the other a statement of its inevitable failure. Here is the truth one feels as a mind formed in a particular framework is bound to see it. Has any other writer drawn attention to a phenomenon which was a commonplace in the days of early persecution? The extraordinary look of peace on the faces of the priests, "the faces of men who knew what was in front of them and simply did not mind; who were content to go on in their duty and leave everything else to God." That look of peace pronounces the doom of the philosophy on which the U.S.S.R. is based. It is the rock on which the ship of Marxian Communism splits. For, as Mr. Lockhart says, "man cannot live by economics alone, nor may he determine a spiritual issue in a commercial court."

### Translating the Trees

*Our Friendly Trees.* By Barbara Briggs, F.Z.S.  
The Lutterworth Press. 8s. 6d.

LAST Sunday I had a very remarkable adventure. I went, in the rain, for a walk with a small boy, aged two, and his parents. There is no doubt, on that wet Sunday afternoon, that we the older, but not the wiser would not have left the fireside if this very wise, intelligent child had not insisted.

He was right. I have rarely enjoyed a walk more, largely because of him. In the rain we went over the Surrey hills. I felt renewed in health by the beauty and health of the countryside, but most particularly by my young master. As we approached the fir, larch and sand district, I have never seen such a degree of—I can only call it ecstasy—which came over my young friend. I have never seen the like of it. He was very quiet but he exuded delight. He was, literally, superlatively happy, anticipating the lovely piece of earth that he visited every day, which was, for him, the nearest complete actual vision of heaven he will come to on this mundane sphere.

This was, for me, a delicious and unforgettable experience. At the time I was reading Miss Barbara Briggs' book with unusual interest, but, I thought to myself, if ever an author had the complete advocate, here this great lad of two was the perfect justification of her work.

For Miss Briggs has written of our English trees, and illustrated them herself, from the point of view of leading children to understand, to love and to respect the trees of our countryside. I was enthralled by her descriptions—she had taught me a great deal that, perhaps, I should have known but which I was happy indeed to learn in her good company. But this youngster explained to me exactly how right Miss Briggs was in her descriptions.

There is not one of the sixteen ordinary trees of our countryside of which she writes which is not more real and more delightful to me because of this book. And I have paid Miss Briggs what I consider the highest possible compliment. I have asked the parents of my young friend to accept my copy of her book for him when he grows up, because I know that he will most thoroughly appreciate it, and because Miss Briggs' book is worthy of his appreciation. I can pay her no more high compliment than that.

### Business for Authors

*The Marketing of Literary Property.* By G. Herbert Thring. Constable. 7s. 6d. net.

MR. THRING was for thirty years secretary to the Authors' Society, founded by Sir Walter Besant, and now grown into a very important body, far more influential than it is actively powerful. He has not set out the result of his experience in so far as it affects the actual marketing of an author's wares. Mr. Thring has in the past incurred criticism on the ground of standing too rigidly upon principle and not allowing quite

enough margin for bargaining, especially in the case of writers who still have their name to make. Yet, on the whole, it is an unsound criticism, for one of the main purposes of any trade or professional union is to prevent the market from being undercut by the action of individuals anxious to get in on any terms: they may gain a temporary advantage, but almost certainly in the long run injure their own interests as well as those of their fellow craftsmen.

Whatever view may be taken on this point (and the same criticism has also been made of the great French Société des Auteurs Dramatiques), Mr. Thring has produced a book of surpassing interest and value to all who follow the profession of letters. His work is a positive mine of information on every facet of the myriad-faced jewel that all authors see scintillating before them, and a great deal of it is difficult, if not impossible, to obtain elsewhere in any succinct form. Mr. Thring wholly and rightly disclaims any hostility to publishers: what he is after is chiefly to warn authors not to part with valuable property without knowing it, and also how to avoid pitfalls offered by firms of less standing than that which publishes Mr. Thring's book and its like. "The Marketing of Literary Property" is to be warmly recommended to all writers, as a book to be kept by them and read with grateful care. We congratulate Mr. Thring on a serious achievement. Mr. Bernard Shaw contributes a preface, peculiarly brilliant and mostly true.

### Heil, Hitler!

*Germany Puts Back the Clock.* By Edgar Ansel Mowrer. John Lane. 7s. 6d.

THOUGH written before Hitlerism's completest triumph, no book could be more apposite or informing than this. Mr. Mowrer bears a name well known in American journalism and shows that he means to live up to its best traditions for courage, pointed writing, and veracity. As Berlin correspondent of the *Chicago Daily News* he has had ample opportunity to study the facts. "Germany Puts Back the Clock" is a very profound and important book. The main lines of the nature of Germany's nationalist and "racist" revival are by now well known to all save the blind, but the wealth of detailed information given by Mr. Mowrer, as well as the liveliness of his picture, should make his study a *vade mecum* to all who want to know the inwardness of Germany of to-day. To many his chapters on *The Private Armies*, *Germany Follows the Band*, *The Restless German*, will come as a revelation, and it is particularly spicy to read that entitled "Perish the Jew!" at the moment when official Nazidom is trying to persuade an outraged world that Jews have not been persecuted as such, but only because they are (must apparently be *ex officio*) Social Democrats.

"Modern Germany," writes Mr. Mowrer in a notable phrase, "really dates from the World War, in losing which Germany, unlike the victorious countries, had an opportunity to achieve historical leadership through self-renewal—and missed the chance."

### A Good Intention

*Mary Stuart: Queen and Woman.* By June Meade. Hurst & Blackett. 12s. 6d.

MISS Meade's idea of telling the story of Mary Queen of Scots through her own mouth and that of Elizabeth Curle is a good one.

Unfortunately, when the subject is a scholar, an artist, and a queen among all women, it requires more than an average ability to speak with her authentic voice. Miss Meade has her facts correct, and certainly this is one way of presenting history without making any demands upon the reader's intelligence. But how can Miss Meade presume to know the Queen's most intimate sensations in love and in childbirth? Does she really ask us to believe that this artist, this woman of taste, this musician, this witty and intelligent Queen, ever wrote or thought such trash as this: "My upper lip droops, appears elongated; dips sadly to meet the underlip—itsself less prominent and full than of yore—a faint weary line 'twixt chin and nose?" Since the book is well and plentifully illustrated, surely this is superfluous as well as extremely irritating?

Mary was ruined by political knavery. She has been, and can only be, cleared by scientific inquiry. In her lifetime she suffered all the extremes of villainy. Is she now to suffer the sentimentalists also?

M.S.J.

### A Simple Tale of War

*And All for What?* By D. W. J. Cuddeford. Heath Cranton. 7s. 6d.

IT might be inferred from the above title and the sub-title of "Some War-time Experiences" that the reader would be faced with a philosophy of war. He will find nothing of the sort. The author once or twice muses for a moment on war, its meaning and absurdities, but returns at once to his subject—his personal experiences between 1914 and 1918 in England, France and Africa. The title of the book is unfortunately misleading.

For this diary is a straightforward account of what actually happened. It contains nothing new nor can it be said that any new light is thrown on the hardships and dangers of the trenches. It owes its strength to the personality of the man who wrote it. In many respects he was a born soldier. There is little originality in his make-up, and he accepts most of the British Army anomalies as probably of value. Sometimes he girds a trifle at the Staff and the artillery as befits an infantryman, but takes it back good-humouredly after a minute's thought, content with the knowledge that the infantry were the "cannon-fodder."

Altogether a very readable book which will revive many recollections among those who were in the trenches. The reviewer was a little surprised at the picture of an elderly French civilian in 1917 placidly crossing the Place de la Gare at Arras. When he was in Arras in 1915, such a crossing would have meant certain death. Of course, the front line had changed considerably during those two years. The trench fortress across Europe seemed so permanent that one is apt to forget how much it shifted during the long years of War.

## THEATRE

*Wyndham's Theatre.* This *Inconstancy*. By Roland Pertwee and John Hastings Turner.

THERE seem to be certain rules that the modern writer of comedies must not and dare not break. His view of life must be cynical and flippant; his characters must be practically amoral; his theme must be thin and its development must not excite action; his play must be written round the bright young things—because their existence or demise can matter so little.

Mr. Pertwee and Mr. Hastings have observed most of the rules and they have produced a comedy that is often, even generally, extremely diverting. The whole thing amounts to very little. There is hardly a genuine emotion or a serious thought. But this is a comedy about unessential people which is meant to amuse, even if it satirizes; and, since it does amuse, Mr. Pertwee and Mr. Turner have done their work well.

Jill is married to Nicholas; Freddie (the Hugh Wakefield ass, complete with sententious intoxication) is the tame cat about the house; Hugh (Lord Milverton) is a fat, brainless ass with the habit of ejaculating in monosyllables; Jill carries on with both of them as well as with her husband and there are misadventures and complications and misunderstandings, all filled in with lots of clever dialogue.

A few moments come dangerously near the realities of responsible life and these are well handled.

The authors owe a lot to the cast. Without the fascinating brilliance of Gertrude Lawrence, the brilliant foolishness of Hugh Wakefield, the sardonic wit of Leslie Banks, and the laconic absurdity of Nigel Bruce, the boredom of parts of a repetitive second act might have been intolerable. With all these advantages the play and the audible mirth of its audience should go on for quite a long time.

*Francis Thompson.* By Jack de Leon. Royalty.

MR. DE LEON has written a very sympathetic study of "Mad Francis" and as a play it carries considerable force and drama. In particular does the devotion of Ann the prostitute to the starving drug-addict, with the inevitable tragedy of renunciation at the end, lend itself to the vividness of stage presentation. Mr. Ernest Milton gives a fine performance as Francis, yet does not quite get the full contrast between his apparent madness and his real genius. The three years in Francis Thompson's life with which the play concerns itself were in reality lived much nearer to destitution. This, however, has no real bearing on the play which remains a fine, imaginative piece of work, finely acted.

### Entertainments

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BARRY JACKSON presents—

"ONCE IN A LIFETIME"

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"A gorgeously funny play."—DAILY TELEGRAPH



## FILMS

BY MARK FORREST

*Cynara*. Directed by King Vidor. Carlton.

*Hard to Handle*. Directed by Mervyn Leroy. Regal.

*The Crime of the Century*. Directed by William Beaudine. Plaza.

"**CYNARA**," which replaces the "Sign of the Cross" at the Carlton, presents a queer mixture; the story, as probably a good many people remember, concerns a barrister who, while his wife is away in Venice, has an affair with a shop girl. On the wife's return the girl commits suicide, and after the coroner has let himself go and the husband's friend has had a heart to heart with the wife, she decides that the episode is not worth the breaking up of her home. The authors, however, hesitate first on one leg and then on the other between developing the idea as a psychological study and just giving the whole subject much the same treatment as one finds in a cheap novelette. The bones are garnished at times with cheap fat; when that shivers before one the picture hovers on the verge of disaster, but when one can get one's teeth into the lean there is much to recommend it.

The meaty bits are provided by John Tring, the husband's friend, who is excellently played by Henry Stephenson and by Clemency Warlock whose character and viewpoint Kay Francis makes convincing and sincere. Alternating between the fat and the lean, like a nice piece of what the shopman calls "the best streaky," is Ronald Colman, as Jim Warlock. This actor's popularity is such that the general public will have nothing said against him; nevertheless, though he may give a little more substance to the fat, the lean suffers.

The whole production is another smooth bit of work from Mr. Goldwyn's studios and Mr. Vidor has handled the play with understanding, especially in his treatment of the shopgirl, where he has resisted the temptation to make her shadow greater than her substance.

Another popular favourite appears in "Hard to Handle," at the Regal, in a more sympathetic rôle than he is generally allotted. I must confess that James Cagney's appeal has always baffled me, but the common cocksure men whom he plays apparently have a lot of admirers over here. In "Hard to Handle" he is a publicity promoter, not a new character so far as the American pictures are concerned, who talks nineteen to the dozen for an hour and a half. Eventually he succeeds in talking himself into "real money," and the girl, played by Mary Brian, whose looks have not been improved by bleaching her hair, marries him.

"The Crime of the Century," at the Plaza, is amusing in that the audience is given a minute near the end of the film in which to spot the criminal. Now and again this is not a bad way of sharpening the wits, and the producer has managed to keep the picture running smoothly as well as providing all the clues necessary to the solution.

## CORRESPONDENCE

### Mr. Baldwin and Conservatives

SIR,—In their handling of the India question the National Government has attempted to stifle Conservative opinion. This was bad enough, but it has done more. It has attempted to prevent Conservative Members of Parliament voting according to their Conservative opinions by putting on the whips against them.

In this anti-Conservative policy Mr. Baldwin has been a consenting and an active party. Is it not time we put an end to the farce of calling him the Conservative leader?

Mr. Baldwin is the Grand Master of the Primrose League, a body of which one of the main objects of its covenant is maintenance of Empire. Mr. Baldwin has been engaged in attempting to destroy the Empire in India and the Grand Council of the Primrose League has passed a resolution condemning his policy. Is it not time that the Primrose League took steps to ask him to resign his position in the League?

LIONEL HAWORTH.

### "Brainless as Chimpanzees"

SIR,—It is to be hoped that the Anti-Tobacco League (or whatever they call themselves) have had their attention called to the fact that among the authors whose works are offered in exchange for cigarette coupons, Hans Anderson comes easily first, beating Shakespeare, Dickens, Thackeray, Hardy, Meredith, Jane Austen, Stevenson, and Scott all combined. (And Shakespeare himself beats Shaw by 33 per cent.)

Such a passion for innocent fairy tales—and who can question evidence like this?—should effectively dispose of that recent frantic slander uttered by some fanatic or other who declared cigarette-smokers evil, treacherous, licentious, dirty, and mad.

6, Adelphi Terrace.

D. B. WYNDHAM LEWIS.

### The Economics of Abundance

SIR,—With particular interest I read Mr. Wyatt Tilby's articles, which constitute a very commendable analysis of the economic situation and especially of the money situation.

However, the author is not entirely right in founding his analysis and proposals for betterment on the idea that the crisis was only caused by an economic revolution. It is, I think, easy to see that it began on a political basis, first laid by the Great War. The political events during the war and the post-war-periods changed the amount and the direction of the demand more than once: firstly, there were the enormous needs of the armies which revolutionised the whole of agricultural and other industries and ceased the moment peace was concluded; secondly, there were the great post-war social movements entirely financed by inflation and coming to a reaction in the deflationary period; thirdly, there were the political war debts and reparation payments which interfered with the normal trend of economic development.

In such ways the economic development which in itself in the capitalistic system has a tendency to fluctuate was completely thrown out of equilibrium and therefore the present crisis may be called a politico-economic one.

Vienna.

OSKAR ZAGLITS (DR.).

### Grand Jury Service

SIR,—I warmly support your disapproval of the proposed abolition of Grand Juries. No doubt the Society of Records will have an opinion to express on the matter: it affects the charters of 109 Cities, towns and boroughs.

Grand Juries are a safeguard against jaundiced attacks on the individual by the Crown, local bodies or private enemies: they form the legal starting-off point of the most serious thing to befall any of us, namely a charge affecting liberty or life. In these days of class feeling and Socialism such a barrier is indeed welcome.

Reformers have yet to tell us how wrong indictments are to be disposed of. Is the judge to throw them out? How long will it be before alleged favouritism creeps in? Is the jury to do that? Will that not confuse dreadfully the local jurymen in many causes?

Politically to abolish this obligation now will be looked on as a handsome gift by the Tory Party to 10,000 of its supporters. Is it very wise, apart from the value of the gift?

Inner Temple.

#### Dr. Eisler—A Defence

SIR,—Dr. Robert Eisler's spirited defence of his brilliantly-written book "Stable Money" rouses its humble critic to utter a word of protest. Most naturally Dr. Eisler has avoided personalities in his criticism of "economists of the older school, as well as certain contemporary economists," but his indictment of British monetary policy can hardly be regarded otherwise than as an attack on those responsible for it. That Dr. Eisler considers these persons to be fools rather than knaves is beside the point.

As to the question of "unmerited attack," I would quote p. 231 of Dr. Eisler's book in which he writes of the effects of inflation on the *rentier* class as follows:—

It is not surprising, however, that those members of the community who would have to bear the brunt of the loss should harbour very different feelings (from those of "great equanimity" shown by the authors of the Macmillan Report); and it is worth remarking that they include the editors and correspondents of the daily and financial press, all of whom receive fixed salaries and are therefore as convinced anti-inflationists<sup>2</sup> as the chief of the Treasury, who represents the interests of the Services. (The foot-note referred to reads:—"The author refrained from obvious diplomatic reasons from touching this sore spot in "This Money Maze." But Capt. L. L. B. Angus has since let the cat out of the bag.")

It must be confessed that the fact that Dr. Eisler "would condemn any scheme . . . which began by raising the purchase-power of one group at the expense of another" did not entirely remove the sting of his previous remarks.

Old Broad Street, E.C.2.

YOUR REVIEWER.

#### The Rate of Living

SIR,—I have begun to take the renewed *Saturday Review* and like it. May I specially commend one of your editorial remarks, i.e., that the whole country is living at too high a rate from top to bottom. I think this is absolutely true. Most people are trying to get more out of the country than it can give. If the taxes were reduced by at least £200 millions, and wages and salaries and dole 25 per cent. in accordance with the drop in the cost of living, I believe nearly all our economic ills would cease and some of our moral ones too, for, relieved of the burden of these overwhelming taxes, especially the income tax, and of the excessive wages, our industries would begin to flourish and would absorb the young men, who, idle on the dole, are now getting into mischief. I would submit that this is the one and only way of making our industries flourish again and permanently getting rid of our unemployed.

As it is, since everyone insists on getting what is cheapest, except labour, and as labour is the chief expense in most goods, things made by cheaper labour pour in from abroad, and no tariffs have kept or can keep them out. The very people who insist on high wages for England buy these foreign goods, because they are cheaper. We are supposed to be living under capitalism—but is it not a capitalism which is so shackled and strangled by Socialist legislation on the one hand and Socialist regulations and demands from the Trade Unions on the other that it is unable to do its work of bringing prosperity to England?

J. CATER.

#### The Foreign Legion

SIR,—In response to Major Wren's letter in your last issue, allow me to express my regret that a phrase in my notice of Mr. A. R. Cooper's Book "The Man Who Liked Hell" should have given rise to misapprehension. I was far from intending any "acceptance"—"non-committal" or otherwise—of any statement by the latter with regard to Major Wren. On the contrary, I indicated quite clearly that Major

Wren had anticipated Mr. Cooper. Long before Mr. Cooper came on the scene I was aware that Major Wren wrote on the Foreign Legion out of his own knowledge and not from travellers' gossip. Major Wren must have read my reference to him with some want of care: my only object was to see that his serious claims should not be forgotten.

YOUR REVIEWER.

#### Hips and Health

SIR,—Much as medical men have attacked it, the continued vogue for a slim figure has been the means of teaching the future mothers of the race much about dietetics. Women have learnt wisdom since the first days of slimming. They no longer try to do a day's work on a rabbit's diet. Fruit and salads have their proper and not exaggerated place in the menu. Cereals are no longer cut out indiscriminately. Nourishment, it has been discovered, need not be fattening, and robust health and slim hips are not incompatible. Long may the dictators of fashion compel our young women to study gastronomics!

20, Park Crescent,  
Harley Street.

A. E. KENNARD.

#### An Appreciation

SIR,—I write to congratulate you on the marked, complete and refreshing change which has come over the *Saturday Review*. I gave it up as utterly hopeless because of the crudity of its views on life and literature—I might have said brutal crudity. Like almost all the criticism of the present day, it had no standards nor principles of judgment by which each was tried. Recently when I bought a copy to see if it was still where it was I found to my surprise—delight though to be used carefully is not out of place—notes in it which have been lacking till now in all the weekly reviews.

Gomshall, Surrey.

B.R.M.

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**CITY.**—BY OUR CITY EDITOR

*Lombard Street, Thursday.*

**T**HE *reductio ad absurdum* in interest rates continues and the Government was able to borrow from the market on its Treasury Bills last week at the record low rate of 6s. 9d. per cent. Rather should it be said that the Treasury obtained its requirements from the banks at this rate; for the other constituents of the Money Market cannot afford to be largely interested at this rate in money borrowed at  $\frac{1}{2}$  and 1 per cent. There has been much talk and some expectation of the banks' reducing their rates for loans to the market and while this scramble for "short" employment for money continues there seems little sense in the maintenance of a 1 per cent. loan rate to the market and, in fact, it is leading to considerable repayments to the clearing banks of money out on call to the market.

It is felt that the whole "cheap money" process is an artificial one, and only the slightest signs of trade revival are required to bring British Funds tumbling down as fast as they have risen. The investment holding of the banks are swollen to the utmost and the arrival of any more lucrative employment for the huge deposits must result in some liquidation of these holdings. Though gilt-edged stocks may rise further, they are nearing their "peak" and it is time for those who are in a position to do so to seek other fields of investment.

#### Some Choices

The prior charges of the Electric Supply companies have justifiably attracted considerable attention and it is difficult to obtain much over 4 per cent. on a debenture in this list, though Northampton 5 per cents. yield  $4\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. Of the preference shares, Egham and Staines  $7\frac{1}{2}$  per cents. and Edmundsons 6 per cents. can be bought to return a trifle over  $4\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. and there are some attractive yields to be found among Electrical Equipment preferences. Associated Electrical 8 per cent. cumulative preference can be bought to return well over 5 per cent. the interest being covered more than three times. Atlas Trust 7 per cents. were on offer this week to return £6 13s. 4d. per cent. The dividend requirements were easily covered by last year's profits but the company's assets are largely in South America. Ferranti 7 per cent. cumulative preference can be bought to return over  $5\frac{3}{4}$  per cent., the dividend being twice covered, and 2,000 G. E. C.  $7\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. "B" preference were on offer this week at 31s. 9d. to yield £4 14s. 6d. per cent. Attractive yields are also to be found in the investment trust list where any improvement in the revenue of miscellaneous Companies increases the cover for the dividend. Power

Investment 5 per cent. cum. preference yields over 7 per cent., and similar yields can be obtained on a number of prior charge trust stocks which have a good chance of recovering much of their investment depreciation on any trade revival.

#### A Jubilee Bonus

The Law Land Company, which was originally registered fifty years ago to develop property and sites in the neighbourhood of the Law Courts, Temple and Embankment and has since extended its activities, announces a bonus of 5 per cent. in cash for the past year in addition to the dividend of 9 per cent. for the year, the same rate as was paid for 1931, when the distribution was accompanied by a bonus of 4 per cent. in preference shares. Though the company's gross income was slightly smaller in 1932 at £235,939, some reduction in rates, taxes, repairs and services resulted in the net profit being slightly higher at £80,098, compared with £78,614 for 1931. Reserve has been augmented by a further £34,000 from the profits of the year, and as this fund amounts to no less than £355,316 the directors feel justified in distributing the five per cent. cash bonus, which will only require £17,412, and leave the reserve fund at £337,904. The company's new building, Brettenham House, Lancaster Place, Strand, is now practically complete, and the only touch of sadness to this cheerful report is given by the announcement of the death of the founder of the Company, Mr. Arthur M. Lloyd.

#### Cunards and Vickers

Vickers, Ltd., who are only paying a dividend of 4 per cent. for 1932, compared with 5 per cent. for 1931, announce net profits of £529,038 for the past year, against £574,493 for 1931. Vickers is now purely a "holding" company, and the balance-sheet shows a strong position, with an increase on the year of £476,000 in cash and gilt-edged security holdings, but the company has yet to obtain a reasonable return on its large holding in Vickers-Armstrongs.

Much less reassuring is the report of the Cunard Steamship Company, with a loss for the year of £927,000, compared with £553,000 for the previous year, and the loss is again covered by a transfer from contingencies reserve, no preference dividend being paid. Since 1929 gross receipts have declined by £4,500,000, which gives some idea of the effects of the depression in the United States and the competition for the little traffic available. British shipping is heavily hit by foreign subsidies for their lines and, even with the return of prosperous trading conditions, it is difficult to visualise the Cunard Company regaining its former proud position without some official aid. The shares dropped from 7s. 9d. to 6s. 3d. on the publication of the results.

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## Next Week's Broadcasting

THERE is a strong rumour abroad that the calling of birthday greetings in the Children's Hour is to be discontinued as from the end of this year. This will be a source of considerable delight to the many thousands who switch on for the 6 o'clock news bulletin at 5.30, as well as to that large and noble army of deliberate martyrs who listen on purpose to everything which they know is going to nauseate them most. But what of the children?

I am not speaking of those venerable high-brows of 14 who think the Children's Hour is rubbish, but of real children of whatever age you will, children who share with Mr. G. K. Chesterton and myself a passionate belief in the existence of the Dragon's Grandmother. Are they going to gather round the loudspeaker and shriek with delight every time their birthdays are *not* called? The latest Radio Circle figures are sufficient answer.

And what of "Hullo Twins"—that brilliant *jeu d'esprit* of C. E. Hodges ("Peter")? It is unthinkable that it should be allowed to pass from the language.

Still, rumour is a lying jade. I am able, for instance, to contradict the report that Hindemith's "The Lesson" is to be broadcast in the Children's Hour instead of the usual relay from the Zoo.

ALAN HOWLAND.

### DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 28

DIVERSIFY THE SURFACE OF THE EARTH  
IN THAT FAIR ISLE TO WHICH WE OWE OUR BIRTH.  
DRY LAND OUR FIRST LIGHT, SURELY YOU WILL FIND;  
OUR SECOND, WATER, OF THE SWEETEST KIND.

1. The destination of each gallant ship.
2. A floral organ we'll at each end clip.
3. Of book of Moses now we need a third.
4. So plainly written, one can read each word.
5. "THE GREAT"—a Mongol monarch long since dead.
6. The country of the coral strand behead.
7. 'Tis he supplies the pubs with Bass's beer.
8. Hoist with his own has been the engineer.
9. Such the thin pipes through which our warm tears flow.
10. Creatures which, so to speak, like clockwork go.
11. A chimney-corner in our Southern tongue.
12. Food that is this we ought to give the young.

### SOLUTION OF ACROSTIC No. 27.

L	e	a	t	h	e	r	-	j	a	c	k	e	T <sup>1</sup>
A			r	c								H	
N		e	e	d								E	
D			r	o	s							S	
A		l	p	i	n	i	s					T	
N			i	z							A	m <sup>3</sup>	
D			a	g	g	e					R <sup>2</sup>		
W			a	f	e						R		
A		d	v	e	r	s	i	t			Y <sup>4</sup>		
T			a	b	l	e					S <sup>5</sup>		
E			s								K <sup>6</sup>		
R			o	y	a	l	t				Y		

<sup>1</sup> Larva of crane-fly or daddy-longlegs; also called "leather-coat." <sup>2</sup> Title of the ruler of Hyderabad.

<sup>3</sup> Macbeth, ii. 1. <sup>4</sup> "The blessing of the New Testament"—see Bacon's essay "On Adversity." <sup>5</sup> Hamlet, i. 5. <sup>6</sup> Whitby, on the Esk, has an abbey founded by St. Hilda.

The winner of Acrostic No. 28 (the first correct solution opened) was Mrs. Rosa M. Boothroyd.

### COMPANY MEETING

## LAW LAND COMPANY

The 50th annual general meeting of the Law Land Company, Limited, was held on Wednesday, 29th March, at Brettenham House, Lancaster Place, London, W.C.

Colonel Sir T. Courtenay T. Warner, Bt., C.B. (the chairman), said that on this their fiftieth annual meeting it was with the deepest possible sorrow that he had to open the proceedings by referring to the death of his very old friend and colleague, Mr. Arthur M. Lloyd, who, together with his father (their first Chairman, Mr. Morgan Lloyd), had founded the Company and who had carried it on with increasing success for so many years. It was impossible for him to express the regret which he was sure they must all feel that he was no longer with them, particularly to see the completion of this great building.

The pleasing feature of the report was that in spite of the continued trade depression they had been able to circulate a very highly satisfactory report—in fact the amount available had reached a higher figure than in any previous year. This had been achieved without any false economies from which they would be likely to suffer in years to come. It was especially fortunate that this record should have been reached in their Jubilee Year.

The payment of a bonus to the shareholders in the form of shares had proved a very satisfactory policy. There could be no doubt that the shareholders had had good value and at the same time had done much by allowing part of their profits to remain in the business to put the undertaking on a very sound financial foundation.

Until their new property was fully let and until they had written down some of their more highly rented Flat properties and restored their reserve account it was unlikely that they would discontinue to distribute much in the way of bonus to the holders of the ordinary shares.

### THE OUTLOOK

With regard to the future, although there were encouraging indications that more prosperous times were not far distant he feared that, so long as taxation remained at its present level, they could not look for any great activity in business of any kind. If only a small reduction in the rate of taxation could be made, it would at least go some way towards stimulating business and restoring that confidence which was so badly needed. So far as this Company was concerned, they might feel easy in their minds that they would be able to provide a fair return on the capital invested for some years to come, but it must be some time before they could look forward to being in a position to expect more than that.

Mr. M. E. F. Crealock (General Manager) said that so far the lettings at Brettenham House had been exceedingly good and the most pleasing part about it was that the rentals they were receiving were those they would expect to receive in normal times. He thought that that was a very good sign for the future. They could not expect to be able to do a great deal with the shops until the Waterloo Bridge scheme had been definitely settled.

There were one or two new features with reference to Brettenham House, one of which was an entirely new system of heating known as the Radenta System which had been put in by the Air Vent Heater Co., Ltd., and had turned out an unqualified success. Then they had had installed electric gearless lifts with true-level device on every floor which were able to safely travel at the rate of no less than 820 feet to the minute. They were to the best of his belief the fastest lifts in England or in Europe and he believed they were as fast as any in America and were far smoother in running.

In conclusion Mr. Crealock paid a tribute to the staff and made special reference to Mr. Brown, the chief of the service staff, to Mr. Davy, their accountant, to Miss Foster, the chief of the ladies' staff, to Mr. Ford, who was in charge of the letting department, and to Mr. Shayes, their chief engineer, and said that the board very much appreciated the wonderful work which the whole of the staff had put in on behalf of the company.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted.

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## Public Schools

## BERKHAMSTED SCHOOL

**A**N Examination will be held on June 6th and 7th for Scholarships of £60 and £30, open to boys under 14 on June 1st.—Apply The Secretary, Berkhamsted School, Herts.

## BRIGHTON COLLEGE

**A**N examination will be held on 6th and 7th June, 1933, to elect to eight Scholarships varying in value from £80 to £45 a year. Full particulars on application to the Headmaster.

## CLIFTON COLLEGE, BRISTOL

**A**BOUT 10 entrance scholarships, value from £100 to £40 a year, and one Music scholarship of £70 a year, with free tuition in Music. Also some Exhibitions of £25 a year. Also Norman Cook Scholarship of £60 a year and Edgar Gollin Memorial Scholarship of £25 a year. Preliminary examination May 22nd and 23rd. Final examination May 30th, 31st and June 1st. Particulars from Secretary and Bursar, Clifton College.

## KELLY COLLEGE, TAVISTOCK

**S**CHOLARSHIPS and Exhibitions £60—£10. Examination, June 20, 21 at Preparatory School; Age, under 14 on 1st July. Ordinary fees £123 p.a. inclusive. Apply the Rev. the Headmaster.

## EASTBOURNE COLLEGE

**S**CHOLARSHIPS ranging in value from £30 to £80 will be offered at an Examination to be held in June, 1933. Further information from the Headmaster.

## HAILEYBURY COLLEGE

**A**N Examination will be held on October 25th, 26th and 27th, for eight Entrance Scholarships, value from £100 to £30, for boys under 14 on 31st December, 1933. For details apply The Bursar, Haileybury College, Hertford.

## REPTON SCHOOL

**A**N open Examination will be held on May 30th, 31st and June 1st, 1933, at Repton for Entrance Scholarships value from £90 p.a. downwards for boys of 12 and under 15 (on June 1st). Tenable during School career under conditions. Full details from The Bursar, Repton, Derbyshire.

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## ST. LAWRENCE COLLEGE, RAMSGATE

**A**N Open Examination for boys who are under 14 on May 1st will be held on May 30th, 31st and June 1st for Scholarships varying from £80 to £40 tenable during a boy's School career. Six Close Exhibitions of the annual value of £40 are also awarded to the sons of Clergy and Doctors.

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The Morning Post

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The Manchester Guardian  
(Sir Michael Sadler)

Well written and based on original study, while, as Dr. Verrall justly remarks in the preface, "no English book, perhaps no extant book, covers the same ground or brings together so conveniently the materials for studying the subject of Greek education." Who would not wish to learn, if it were possible, the secret of that training which made the Greeks what they were? One thing at least may be affirmed with certainty—that no Greek boy was ever "crammed."

The Spectator

To readers in general it is not merely a contribution to the history of Greek education, but also a highly interesting and suggestive product of the existing system of education in England. It may fairly be taken as representative of the best intellectual fruits of public-school and university education in this country. . . . Supplies, and supplies well, a real lacuna in English educational literature.

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phone: Droitwich 60.

**F**RESHWATER.—Freshwater Bay Hotel,  
Freshwater, Isle of Wight. Tele-  
phone 47.

**S**OUTHWOLD. Swan Hotel. 'Phone: 5.

**S**OUTHWOLD. Crown Hotel. 'Phone: 53.

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